

# *The* American Girl

For All Girls

Girl Scouts

MARCH  
1927

15¢ a copy



OUR INTERNATIONAL NUMBER









# Eenie—meenie—minie—mo

## Find yourself in the squares below

OF COURSE, there are a thousand different kinds of girls—fat girls, thin girls, stylish girls, pretty girls, girls that adore games and girls that loathe 'em, girls that are always off in a corner with a book, and girls who, as Midge would say, never “crack” a book until exams are around the corner. “You can’t please us all,” you say. Certainly we can and do. All girls find something that they like in THE AMERICAN GIRL—lots of things, in fact. Take, for instance

## The American Girl for April

(Read across—then down)

<p>If you are→ and If you like↓</p>	<p>Lively</p> 	<p>Full of fun</p> 	<p>Rather shy, perhaps</p> 	<p>But always know what's what</p> 
<p>Stories</p> 	<p>Roselle of the North, Constance Lindsay Skinner's heroine, meets a new adventure and makes a breathtaking discovery.</p>	<p>Midge, Our Outlaw—of a haunted house and the Sophomore feast and (horrible thought) of an unexpected guest.</p>	<p>Through Hidden Windows—the solution of this mystery of the hidden garden and of two lost girls in a big city.</p>	<p>If you want to be a Business Woman, you'll want to read about Mabel Stewart—the real story of a girl who is one.</p>
<p>Sports</p> 	<p>Lacrosse, an old Indian Game—and great sport for camp. Fay Welch tells how to make real Indian sticks.</p>	<p>Leaving It to Bee—a thrilling story of a wild hand-car ride through the storm to save a blazing oil well.</p>	<p>Prep School—a new kind of prep school it was that Mary found for herself, but a great game at that.</p>	<p>The Real Diary of a Real Girl Scout—you'll love Peggy's doings, and the good fun at the new cabin.</p>
<p>Parties</p> 	<p>“And the Little House Grew”—how a little idea grew into a real Girl Scout House in Palo Alto, California.</p>	<p>Let's Talk About Spring Clothes—let's indeed, and about those important little things—accessories.</p>	<p>The Truth Party—of course you've been to them before—but this one meant a great deal to a shy girl.</p>	<p>“The proof of the party is in the eating,” says Mrs. Frederick, and the girl who gives parties grins knowingly.</p>
<p>Crafts</p> 	<p>Have you seen those fascinating new purses of raffia? You'll find out just how to make them in April. It's easy too!</p>	<p>Enter the “Your Own Room” Contest—and win perhaps that precious desk, or the gay chintz covered chaise longue.</p>	<p>Why not have a puzzle party—copy the puzzles from The Puzzle Pack, and give prizes for the one who guesses them all first.</p>	<p>The Beholder—real things to do for those who love the out-of-doors and have made friends along the nature trail.</p>

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## The Way in Scoutville

INTERNATIONAL troop meetings—Every Girl Scout knows that March is the month for them. There are any number of plans for international troop meetings. Take your choice. Or, better still, make up your own. A Round the World Trip is great fun, the whole troop going to one country or each patrol or each girl going to a different country, telling what she sees there, introducing to the rest of the troop games or songs or recipes discovered on her travels.

A Troop Trip calls for a Clothes Committee, to decide what to take (make it light!); a Travel Committee to secure timetables and steamship folders (yes, send for real ones and actually plan for your trains and your boat); a Tour Committee to decide on the itinerary when you get there. And other committees, too, which you can plan for yourselves.

International Roll Call should never be forgotten, each girl responding to her name with a news item from our International Mail Bag or other pages of this issue.

An International Camp Fire is a beautiful way to celebrate, with each girl representing a different country, dressed in native costume if possible, and placing a fagot on the fire, giving greetings from the girls of her country as she does so. An International Camp Fire was held at Camp Edith Macy last May, with the delegates from thirty-eight countries bringing fagots and messages.

Round-the-world bazaars, folk dance festivals, plays, song fests—there is so much to be done in March. There is an International Treasure Hunt, too, which may be planned with each station a new country.

And don't forget that you, yourself, may join our International Post Box, writing to a Girl Scout in another country. Send your name, age, troop number and address to THE AMERICAN GIRL, stating the country to which you wish to write and whether you wish to write in English or some other language. We will then send your name to the Girl Scout or Girl Guide headquarters in that country and they will see that you are given an International Post Box correspondent. And if you are already a member of the International Post Box, won't you make it part of your international month plan to send Helen Ferris copies of interesting letters which you have received? Readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL who have done this during this past year have been real Assistant Editors for this issue.

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*The Golden Rule*

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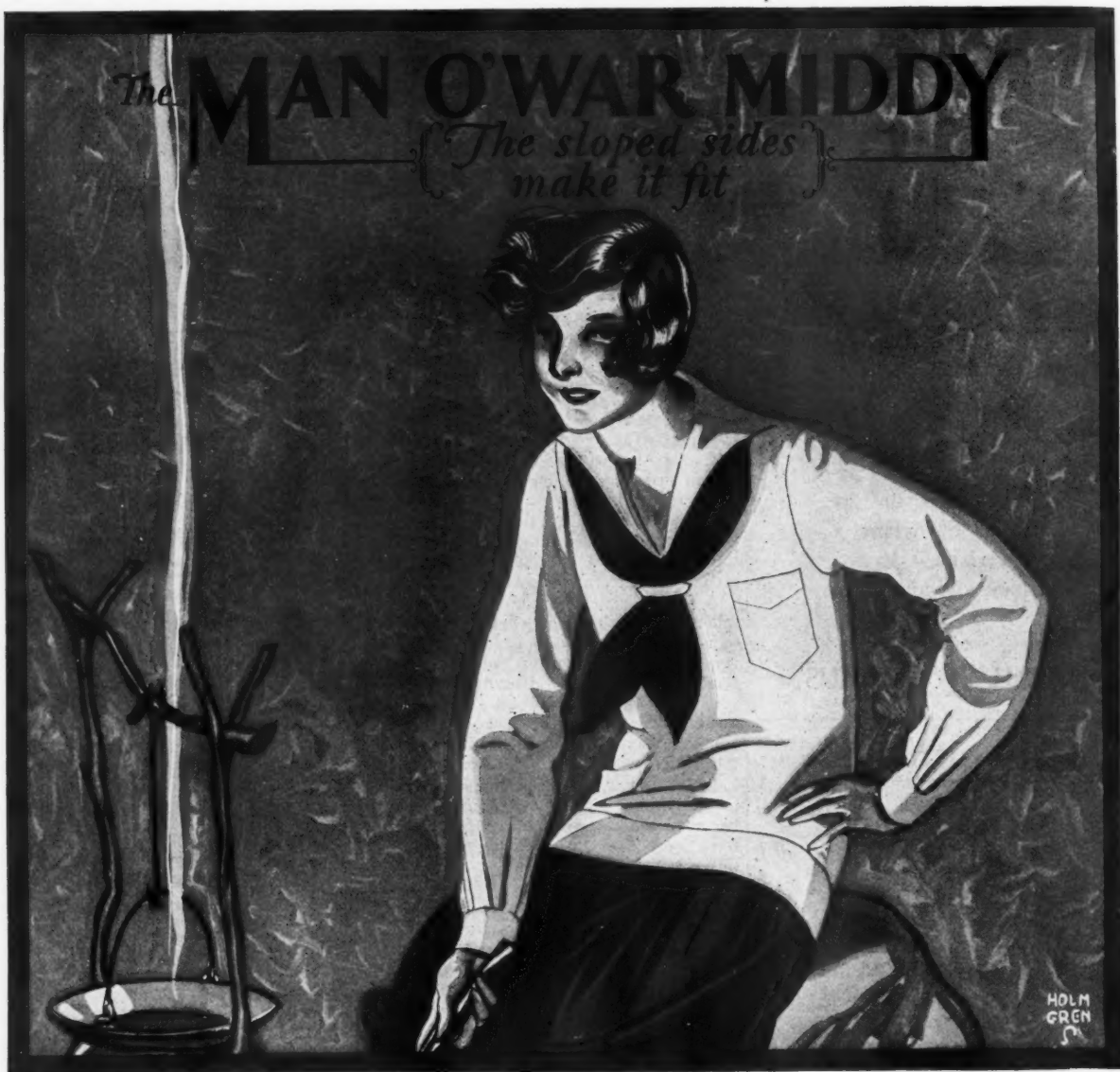
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EVERYTHING FOR

SCHOOL, CAMP OR GYM







TO Juliette Low,  
Founder of the  
Girl Scouts and our

## A Dedication

friend, in loving memory we dedicate this International issue of our magazine.

In a very special way, all that is to be found in these pages is her gift to us. For, from the first meeting of the first troop in Savannah, Juliette Low saw far more in Girl Scouts than an organization of the girls of the United States. To her it was but part of the great comradeship of the girls of the world. Nothing that we ever did was dearer to her heart than that which brought girls of every nation closer in understanding.

Because hers was a spirit of staunch friendliness, her dream of world understanding meant to her world friendship. It was she who suggested the International Post Box through which thousands of girls have corresponded with girls in other lands. She it was who first suggested this International issue of our magazine, each year sending to it letters and pictures which she herself had received from her many personal friends in Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding everywhere.

But to her the happiest day she ever knew in Girl Scouting was the day of the World Camp when Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, came to Camp Edith Macy there to join Lady Baden-Powell and the delegates from thirty-nine countries.

It was a joyously beautiful day. Through the lines of waiting friends from so many

lands, beneath the colorful banners flashing in the sun, walked Juliette Low with

Sir Robert. Her radiant face told of her deep happiness. And to many a guest, seeing her, recurred thought of that little troop which met in Savannah not many years ago and of the Girl Scouting of today with its girls in every state.

But when Juliette Low spoke, it was not of the past. It was of the Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding that is yet to be, it was of friendship around the world, of a day when there shall be no more war. It was of understanding and love.

Each year upon her birthday—and how gleeful she always was that that birthday happened to be on Hallowe'en—she sent a special birthday greeting to her girls.

"But the trouble with me is, I always want to end it with the same poem," she said with a twinkle when, last fall, we reminded her that Hallowe'en was once more around the corner. "And I used that another year."

Today, remembering, we turned to the poem of which she spoke. It is a single verse:

For when the Great Scorer comes  
To write against your name,  
He writes not that you won or lost  
But *how* you played the game.

We, her friends, know how gallantly, how zestfully, how courageously and how understandingly Juliette Low played her game.—JANE DEETER RIPPIN.



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HELEN FERRIS, Editor  
CAMILLE DAVIED, Managing Editor

### THE AMERICAN GIRL

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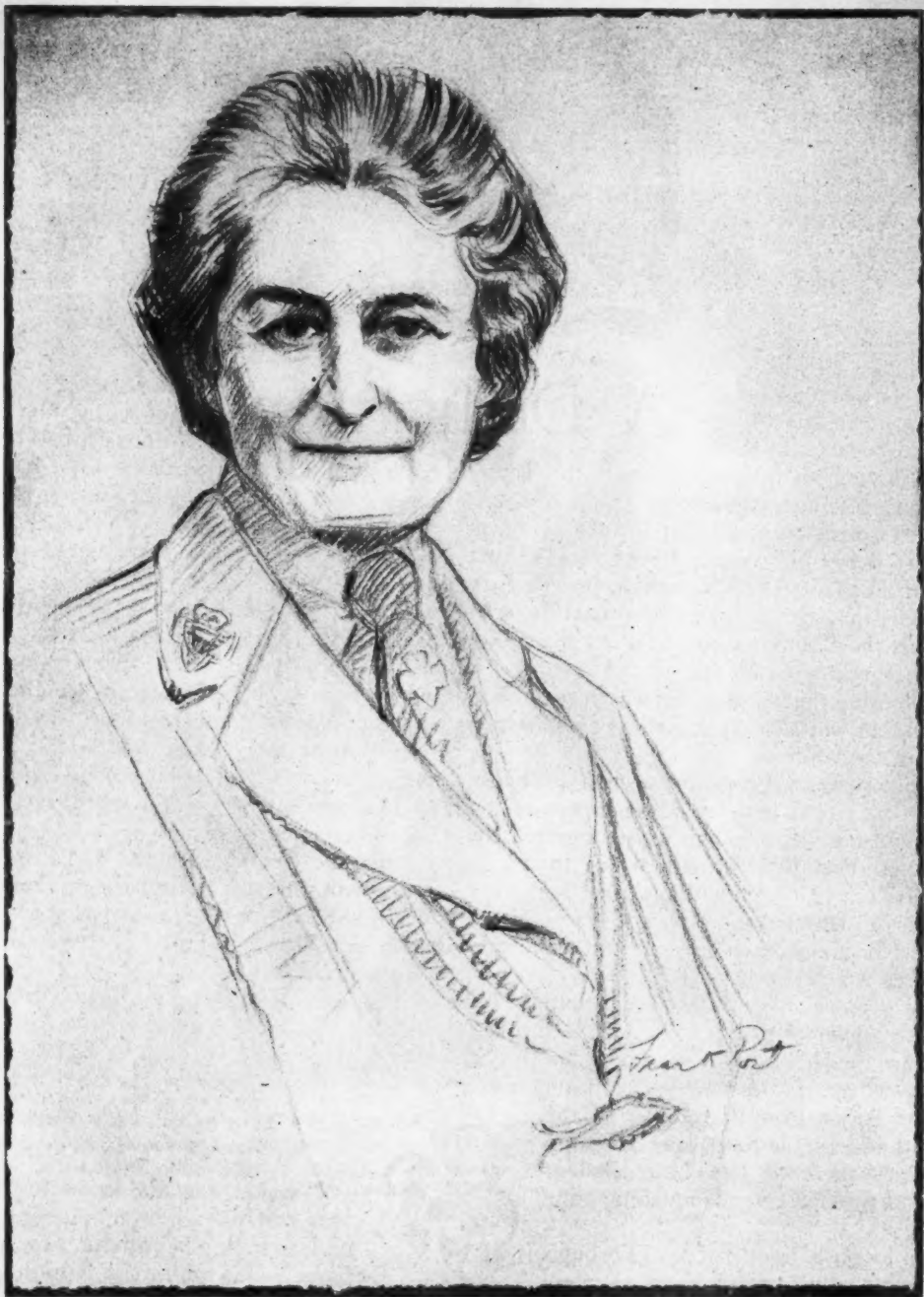
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#### NUMBER 3



## *Juliette Low*

*A patriot whose interest lay in the development of young womanhood; an idealist who dreamed dreams that can be realized; an executive who knew how to engage others in a service that commanded her whole heart; an American whose sympathies embraced the whole world and whose faith was inspired by peace on earth and good will among men.*

—JAMES E. RUSSELL

*Dean of Teachers' College, Columbia University*

# Juliette Low

By SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD

*National President of the Girl Scouts*

THE Girl Scout movement was brought to America by our beloved Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low. In 1912 she returned from London to Savannah, eager to share with the girls of America the gift which had already come to the girls of England and to many of the countries of Europe through the vision of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who founded the entire Scout movement, including not only the Boy Scouts but the Girl Guides and their sister organizations everywhere, under their various national names.

Mrs. Low, with her heart full of eagerness to bring this great gift to the girls of her own loved country, set herself first to establish a Girl Scout troop in her home at Savannah, beautiful city of the south. She went next to Washington, where, through her many friends, she established a Washington Girl Scout troop; then next to Boston where, as everywhere, she had many old friends. It happened that one first troop in Massachusetts was established in New Bedford by Mrs. Low herself. It still exists, having great pride in the honor thus conferred upon it by Mrs. Low.

Mrs. Low's charm, her eager nature, her high spirits, her courage, her delight in sharing, had always brought her hosts of friends. Wherever she went she won her associates to the cause of Girl Scouting. Friend after friend became the leader of a new troop and developed interest in the movement throughout her city or town.

One of the dear things in the entire Girl Scout movement is this habit of growth. The work goes like a message or a letter which is handed from friend to friend. The assurance which the friend gives that this "adventure in comradeship" is infinitely worth while, seldom fails to develop a new troop where the friend's friend lives, for it has been proved and tested and tried. So, with unbroken links, the chain has been forged from coast to coast, and the number of Girl Scouts between the Atlantic and the Pacific is rapidly nearing the 200,000 mark. So much for the brief years since Mrs. Low began her journeyings in behalf of the Girl Scout movement which belongs to us all today.

But Mrs. Low did not confine herself to the girls of her state or her nation. She loved young womanhood, and in behalf of girlhood everywhere she worked with the international groups to extend the movement throughout other countries. It was Mrs. Low's dearest wish that the International Conference of Girl Scout Leaders might be held in America while she might share in it. That wish was fulfilled in the spring of 1926, and representatives of thirty-nine countries assembled at our National Camp Edith Macy, to share with one another the exper-

iences which had been theirs in the Girl Scout movement.

This was a true "adventure in comradeship." The vision of Sir Robert had crossed the seas and

the gifts that he had made possible in the beginning for the girls of England had been shared by the girls of America. How good it was to sit beneath the trees in our Girl Scout camp and hear the story of the world-wide work which the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides are now doing, truly encircling the globe!

Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, who were at that time in America, visiting the Boy Scouts, came to our international meeting to give us their blessing, and to tell the story of the world circle.

At this international meeting, Mrs. Low was at her best. It was hard to know which pleased her most, to show her friends from across the seas what the Girl Scouts in America were doing or to help the eager young leaders of the American Girl Scouts to share in the good things that their friends from overseas had brought to them. The Girl Scouts who read this message will know that, in many of the tents on the hill at Camp Macy, talking went on all night when perhaps the Girl Scout leader from Czecho-Slovakia shared the tent with the leader from the Southland, or from California.

What joy it must have been to her to see this great harvest following the eager service that began but fourteen years before! Our Founder could not have dreamed that so many Girl Scouts would have answered her trumpet call through these few short years. But anyone who knew Mrs. Low and who could even begin to share her devotion, would realize why the girls came.

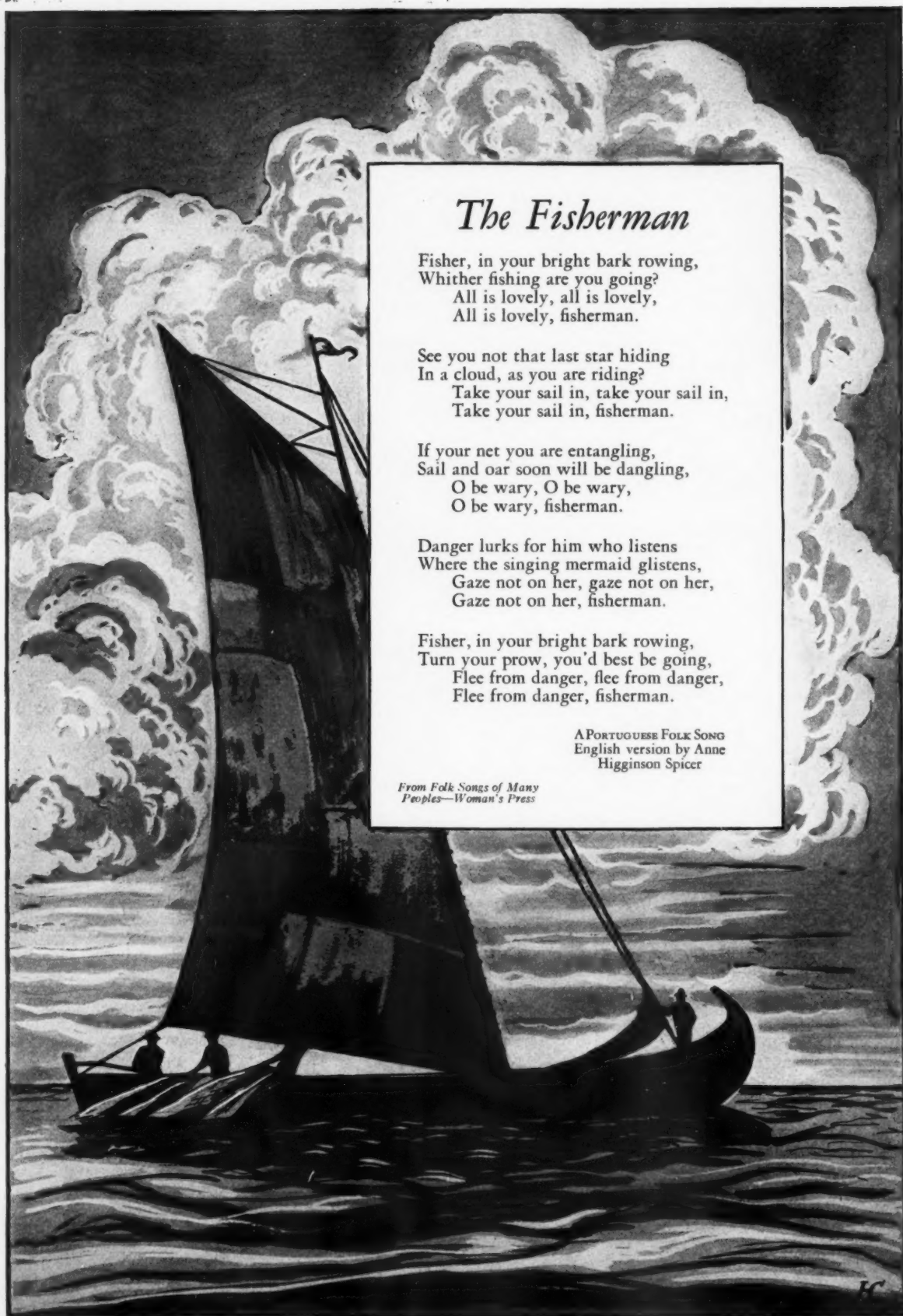
Mrs. Low was not only our Founder, but she was the first president of the Girl Scouts, and for years held that great responsibility, visiting troops everywhere, establishing new groups, and gaining new friends wherever she went. Having resigned the national presidency of the Girl Scouts, she became chairman of the International Committee, and held that position as long as she lived. This brought her into close touch with the affairs of the Girl Scouts everywhere. She was eager to share with them the experiences of the Girl Scouts in America and to learn from them how our fortunes could be bettered here.

I never think of the name Girl Scout without remembering all that my dictionary tells me about its meaning. The word scout was born ages ago out of the old French word *écouter*, which means to listen. When I think of the young Girl Scout listening and hearing the message which life has for her, I am reminded of that other word which you will (Continued on page 41)



Mrs. Low and Lady Baden-Powell at the World Camp





## *The Fisherman*

Fisher, in your bright bark rowing,  
Whither fishing are you going?  
All is lovely, all is lovely,  
All is lovely, fisherman.

See you not that last star hiding  
In a cloud, as you are riding?  
Take your sail in, take your sail in,  
Take your sail in, fisherman.

If your net you are entangling,  
Sail and oar soon will be dangling,  
O be wary, O be wary,  
O be wary, fisherman.

Danger lurks for him who listens  
Where the singing mermaid glistens,  
Gaze not on her, gaze not on her,  
Gaze not on her, fisherman.

Fisher, in your bright bark rowing,  
Turn your prow, you'd best be going,  
Flee from danger, flee from danger,  
Flee from danger, fisherman.

A PORTUGUESE FOLK SONG  
English version by Anne  
Higginson Spicer

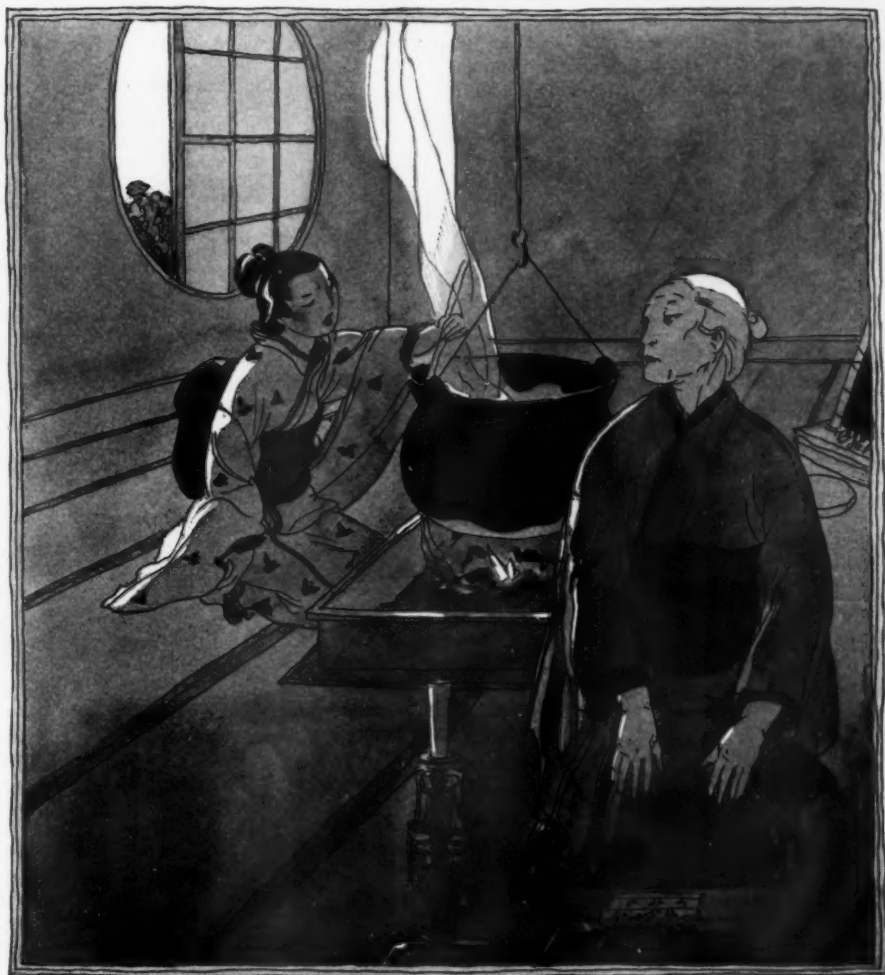
*From Folk Songs of Many  
Peoples—Woman's Press*

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Helen Ferris, Editor

March, 1927



Aki's soft voice was singing the "Puzzle Song" as she stirred the steaming kettle—"Torn bits of night on golden sky . . ."

## Aki's Left Hand

THE time was, long ago, when many of the valleys of Etchu province were thickly sprinkled with tiger lilies. They grew in bunches at the edge of the bamboo forest, they crowded the roots of the mulberry trees, and they were even scattered here and there along the borders of the narrow paths which divided the rice-patches on the plain. Now they are never seen except on the roof-ridges of Kuwa village; but there, during the season, every thatched house, from the shrine on the hill to the poor huts

*And the magic it wrought  
in old Japan*

By ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

*Illustrations by Katherine Sturges*

stretching along the bank of the crooked little river, where the women gather to do their washing, has its row of lilies nodding their golden heads above the brown sloped roof.

If a villager is asked why the lilies grow only on the

roofs, he will tell you this story of Aki.

A long time ago, in a little cottage on the edge of the village, a young girl named Aki lived with her grandmother. Like almost everyone else in the village, the grandmother was a silk weaver. The soft thud of her wooden

loom could be heard all day long as the shuttle flew in and out—in and out—working patterns of birds and blossoms in many colored threads of silk. Poor Aki could do little else than sit outside in the sunshine, or clumsily stir the kettle of bubbling dye swinging from the long pole above the fireplace in the center of the room, for a terrible burn in babyhood had left her crippled. She could only limp about, with her right arm hanging helpless by her side and her left hand so scarred and twisted that it was almost a useless burden. But Aki was the jewel of her grandmother's heart, and the little home was filled with content.

Kuwa village was renowned throughout the valley for its beautiful dyeing, but its greatest fame came from the wonderful black thread in some of the patterns. For years there had been sharp competition among the dyers in an effort to produce a pure black color, for the metal-tainted water of the mountain streams turned their most promising efforts into a disappointing bluish, grayish or rusty



black. It would have seemed a hopeless task, only that the black threads in the silk woven by the grandmother were always of the soft, deep hue of midnight. Her skill was the envy of the entire valley, but only she and Aki knew that the wonderful dye could be made only on a moonlight night, and that the dewy petals of the tiger lily, crushed in a bag, must be thrown into the dye before its cooling.

This simple formula had been always within easy reach of any dyer in the valley, for it lay hidden in the mysterious words of the *Dyers' Puzzle Song*, an ancient ditty carelessly sung by everyone while stirring the boiling dye:

"Where breath of heaven and scrap of earth  
Unite in silver light,  
(Oh stir! Oh stir! Oh stir!)  
Torn bits of night on golden sky  
With sparkling jewels from on high  
Unloose a magic might.  
(Oh stir! Oh stir! Oh stir!)"

This was how the grandmother discovered the secret. When Aki was about twelve years old, a sudden mountain

torrent had swept both of her parents to a tragic death. One sad day a few weeks later, the old grandmother was kneeling before the shrine and wondering how she was to get rice for her little crippled granddaughter and herself. Dulled with sorrowful thoughts, she only half heard Aki's soft voice singing the *Puzzle Song* as she stirred the steaming kettle. Gradually the familiar words mingled with the soft, regular rub of the wooden stick and the *bubble—bubble—bubble* of the boiling dye, until they were almost lost; and when slowly they came drifting back, they seemed to carry to the troubled mind a new meaning that she had not found in them before:

"An earnest hope, a patient hand,  
A summer moon's pale light,  
(Oh stir! Oh stir! Oh stir!)  
A golden lily wet with dew  
Its velvet spots of ebon hue—  
This spells the secret's might.  
(Oh stir! Oh stir! Oh stir!)"

At first she listened indifferently, but as the soft voice went on, a dim memory of an old tradition that a secret of the ancient dyers was hidden in the song, came to her. Then, suddenly as a quick clash of bells, the meaning untangled itself from the words, and breathless with solemn awe, she bowed her head reverently to the floor. The merciful gods, in pity for her anxiety, had re-

vealed to her the long hidden secret.

From that wonderful hour her skill increased, and soon comfort and quiet content crept into the little cottage. And from that hour also, there had been held close in the grandmother's heart a supreme longing to present, as a votive offering to the village shrine, a woven banner expressing her gratitude to the gods for their

gracious favor in her hour of need. This desire was always with her and, one by one, she saved tiny reels of silk until at last she had enough to carry out her sacred plan. The banner was to be of snowy white holding a sheaf of tiger lilies, their golden petals flecked with spots of the magic black. She would use only the first threads of the new dyeing, and every thread should hold a prayer of thanks from her grateful heart.

One calm night when once more the lilies were beginning to bloom, the grandmother stood outside the door and with a reverent face watched the rounding moon. The next morning she examined her loom carefully, then, wiping it all over with a damp cloth, she strung it with threads from the treasured reels. All afternoon the shuttle flew back and forth, the snowy path jerking clumsily over the wooden roll. The grandmother's heart was filled with sacred joy, and little Aki hobbled about her simple duties planning happily for the following night when the moon would be full and they could make the magic dye.

But something had happened which they did not know. A few days before, the *daimio* of the province had passed



All the roof-ridge was a splendor of golden lilies, exactly like the floating lilies of her dream



through the valley on an official journey to Yedo capital. One of his retainers, while commenting on the unusual beauty of the women of Etchu, had remarked that he had heard it was due to a face powder which they made from the crushed roots of the tiger lily. The *daimio* was a stern man, and believing that such vanity and waste of ground should be checked, he ordered that all lily plants be destroyed at once and that hereafter every foot of ground be used for food only. For there were no lilies on the roofs in those days. Such was the order of the *daimio*.

The next day was a busy one for every village in the valley—and a gay one as well, for, making a jolly holiday of what could not be helped, the rice farmers went out with their wooden hoes and the silk weavers joined them, all laughing and singing as they worked.

The grandmother's cottage stood on the top of a hill, partly hidden from the village by the trees of the shrine. Thus it happened that she knew nothing of the decree posted on the proclamation board in the market place, until the unusual sounds of talking and shouting came to her ears. Then she was told. All that sad afternoon she and Aki sat beneath the eaves silently watching the laughing groups of men going along the road carrying big squares of cloth on their backs, from the bulging sides of which hung broken and withered lily plants.

That night the moon was full, but the little cottage was silent and dark. When morning came the grandmother with a heavy heart removed the white banner and stretched the loom with threads of grey and blue for a pattern in which was no thread of black. Twice that day Aki slowly limped her way to the village shrine and, lifting her poor twisted hand, pulled the cloth rope. With the clash of the

little bells mingled her broken words of prayer that the gods would find some way to help her troubled grandmother.

All the next day the wooden loom thumped on its usual way, the shuttle flew in and out, and Aki stirred the steaming dye and prayed to the gods.

That night she had a dream. She thought she was walking home from the shrine when, lifting her eyes, she saw, floating in the sky above the thatched roof of the hut, a mass of golden lilies splashed with spots of velvety black. When morning came, she sat a long time outside the door in the sunshine, busily thinking. Then she went for her daily visit to the shrine but she did not return by the usual road. She took a longer path around the edge of the bamboo forest. The ground was rough and broken in many places where the men had uprooted the lilies, and some torn stems lay here and there. Aki followed the irregular trail, stopping once in a while to pick up a limp, half-withered stalk. Once she sat down to rest, and pulling her sleeve before her eyes, she cried softly. Then she bravely lifted her head and limped on again, always watching the ground carefully as she walked.

That night just at the Hour of Ox—the mystic hour—the moon looked down with kindly eyes upon a frightened girl who was slowly and awkwardly climbing to the thatched roof of a village hut. Carefully her poor maimed hand pushed some lily bulbs into the damp moss gathered along the roof-ridge, and then she climbed down again and crept into her bed with a trembling hope in her heart. For several days she waited. Then one night she climbed to the roof again, and saw, peeping from the damp moss, many slender green blades struggling their way to the light.

(Continued on page 43)

# Noashak's Growing Up

*She looked impudently out from the top of the world, and ruled all she looked on—a great explorer tells of his adventures in the far North*

**T**HE first time I met Noashak, daughter of Mamayauk and step-daughter of Mamayauk's husband, Ilavinirk, I don't remember about seeing

her but I do remember all about hearing her, for she was screaming at the top of her lungs in violent childish anger. I think she must have been either three or four years old, but I did not take enough interest in her at that time to ask her parents. They would have been able to tell me her age then, but three or four years later when I did ask, they had so far forgotten that they could not agree within a year as to whether she was seven or eight years old. For the uncivilized Eskimos take no interest in their own ages or that of anybody else, except roughly to speak of children, youths, grown people, middle-aged, or old.

Eskimo children differ from each other just as ours, neither more nor less. I think Noashak must have been by nature about as bad as any girl can be, violent in temper, selfish, domineering, petulant, and nearly all the other bad adjectives. Certainly she was worse than any other Eskimo girl in the neighborhood, and all the people commented on it, but in a much more friendly way than would be the case among us. We would speak of such things with condemnation, but they only pointed them out as interesting, showing how Noashak differed from other girls.

I met Noashak and her parents in 1906 merely on a friendly basis, for during my first expedition I had no Eskimos working for me. My second expedition, from 1908-1912, was larger and I hired some Eskimos, among them Noashak's parents,

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

*Decorations by Mildred Ann Owen*

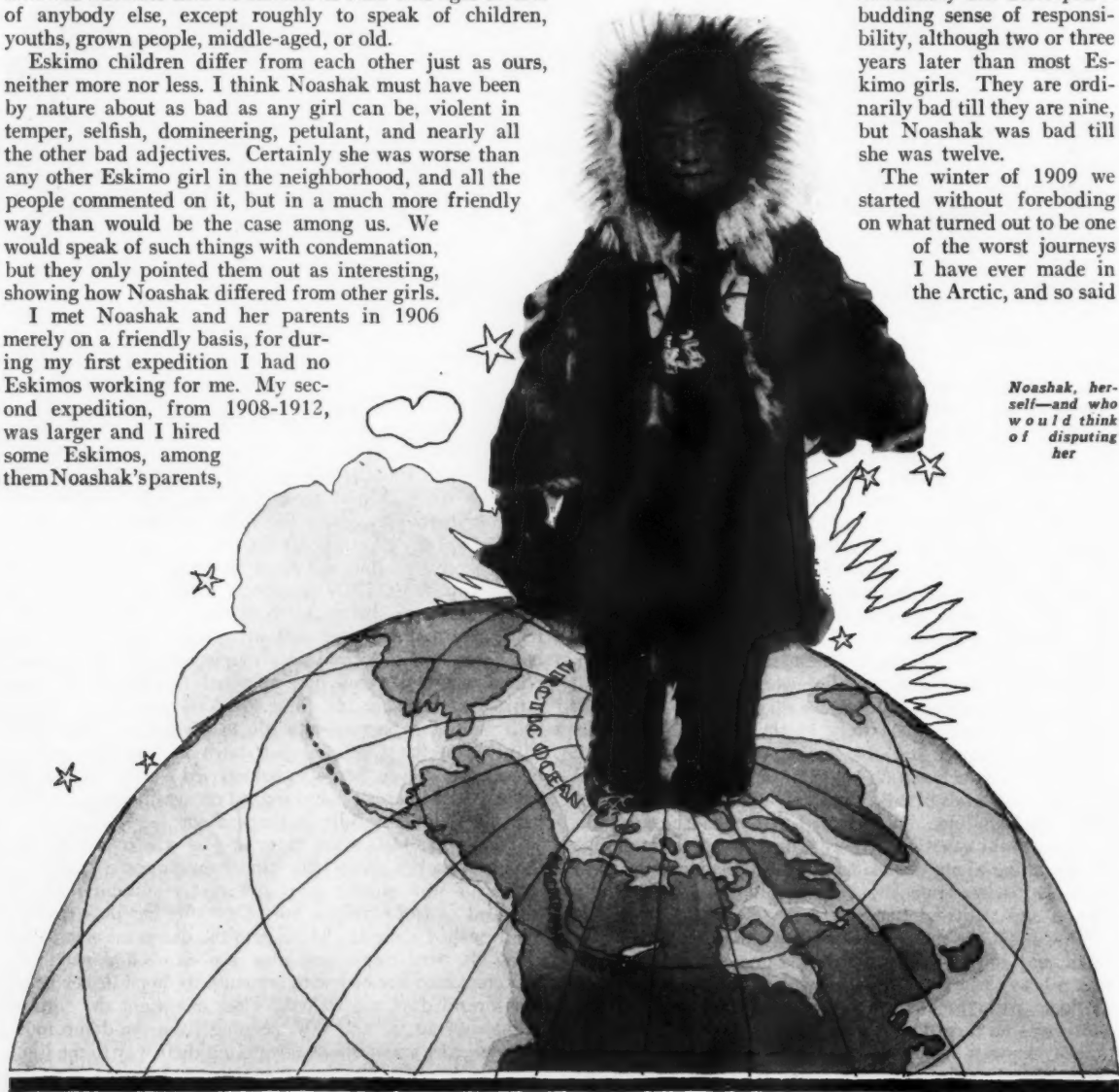
and for four years they were in our employ. Sometimes they traveled with us on long journeys by whale-boat or dog sledge, and sometimes they were in charge of

our base camp at Langton Bay when I was off perhaps in Coronation Gulf or somewhere else, so that I did not see them for half a year at a time.

Like most Eskimo girls, Noashak was at her worst around the age of seven or eight. She was then taking full advantage of her freedom. She was never punished for anything she succeeded in doing and only seldom restrained from the bad things people caught her doing.

Eventually she developed a budding sense of responsibility, although two or three years later than most Eskimo girls. They are ordinarily bad till they are nine, but Noashak was bad till she was twelve.

The winter of 1909 we started without foreboding on what turned out to be one of the worst journeys I have ever made in the Arctic, and so said



*Noashak, herself—and who would think of disputing her*

all my Eskimo companions. In my party was a feeble old man, Kunasluk, whom I had taken because his son, who supported him, was going on a trip for us to Cape Parry, about a hundred miles away, to fetch a sledload of whale blubber which we needed to eat along with the lean meat of the caribou on which we were going to live, inland.

We were traveling up Horton River and the rest of our party consisted of the Ilavinirk-Mamayauk-Noashak family who were really guides, too, for they knew that country. Ilavinirk, especially, had been all over it a few years before when he had been employed by a whaling captain to go into the Horton River and hunt bush rabbits and ptarmigan (a kind of small grouse) as fresh meat for the whaling ship. He had had good luck on that hunt and now assured us that there would be no difficulty in getting food. We had between two and three hundred miles to go to a place where three other Eskimos of ours and I had been hunting earlier in the year and where we had laid up a store of caribou meat—the lean meat for which we wanted blubber just as people want butter for their bread or gravy for their potatoes. It is very hard to live on bread alone but not nearly so hard to live on bread and butter. You cannot live ten weeks on lean meat alone, but you can, if you want to, live ten years on lean and fat together.

Everything went wrong traveling up Horton River. To begin with, we had a blizzard right in our faces for several days and could not move at all. When we began traveling, it turned out that the wind had not been blowing hard enough in most of the river to pack down the snow, for it was so sheltered with spruce trees and willows. As a result, we would have sunk to the knee at every step, except for our snowshoes. The poor dogs, trying to pull, wallowed to their bellies, so that we had to push the sledge and help them along.

Even while we still had enough to eat, old Kunasluk could do no more than walk along behind. Noashak's mother, Mamayauk, usually walked ahead with her snowshoes, breaking the trail, while Ilavinirk and I took turns, one of us pulling and pushing on the sledge, and the other hunting along the river bank in search of game, always without luck, for it was mid-winter and the sun never rose above the southern horizon. Had the sky been clear, there would have been twilight bright enough for hunting or reading a newspaper from about ten in the morning until two in the afternoon. But with the clouds, snow and fog, it was difficult to see much even at twelve o'clock noon.



The rabbits were white, the ptarmigan were white, the snow was white, and the dark bushes were covered with snow, so that we almost never saw a rabbit, although there were lots of tracks, and almost never saw the ptarmigan, although we often heard them fly away.

Our food gradually gave out, for we had been intending to live on ptarmigan and rabbits. All we had was seal oil, which was no more disagreeable to us than olive oil would be to you. But you can't drink olive oil, or, rather, you could drink it but you could not keep it down. The same applies to Eskimos. The way you eat oil is with a salad. The way the Eskimos eat oil is to dip pieces of meat into it as you might dip meat into gravy, or else to dip the fingers into the oil and lick them off as a small boy might do with jam or cream. So we used to make a kind of salad out of tea leaves or the leaves of the local bushes, and sometimes out of long-haired caribou skins which we cut in pieces and soaked in the oil.

What little food we had, we kept for the seven-year-old Noashak who ate her fill without the least compunction, never offering to give a mouthful to one of us, although

she understood perfectly how hungry we were.

But that was natural enough and did not worry me. What did worry me was that no matter how heavy the load might be or how deep the snow, and no matter how weak the dogs were getting and how tired we all were, Noashak sat on the load and rode every step of the way, making unfavorable and sometimes sarcastic comment on our slow speed, the laziness of certain dogs and the frequency with which we stopped. She thought it strange, if we were in such a hurry as we said we were, that we rested so much.

By what evidently seemed to her a just or an artistic balance, Noashak rested on the sledge while we worked, and played while we rested. She loved to walk on snowshoes, and so she would strap on a pair and run around us in circles. She equally loved to slide down hill and would sometimes recommend that if we were going to stop

anyway, we might as well stop by this or that steep snow bank so that she could scramble up and slide down, scramble up and slide down, as long as we stopped.

All this seemed quite normal to her parents and old Kunasluk, but I had been with the Eskimos only three years at that time and did not quite have their point of view. So I suggested to Ilavinirk and Mamayauk that,

(Continued on page 42)



Kupanna, one of Noashak's friends, removing blubber from a seal skin

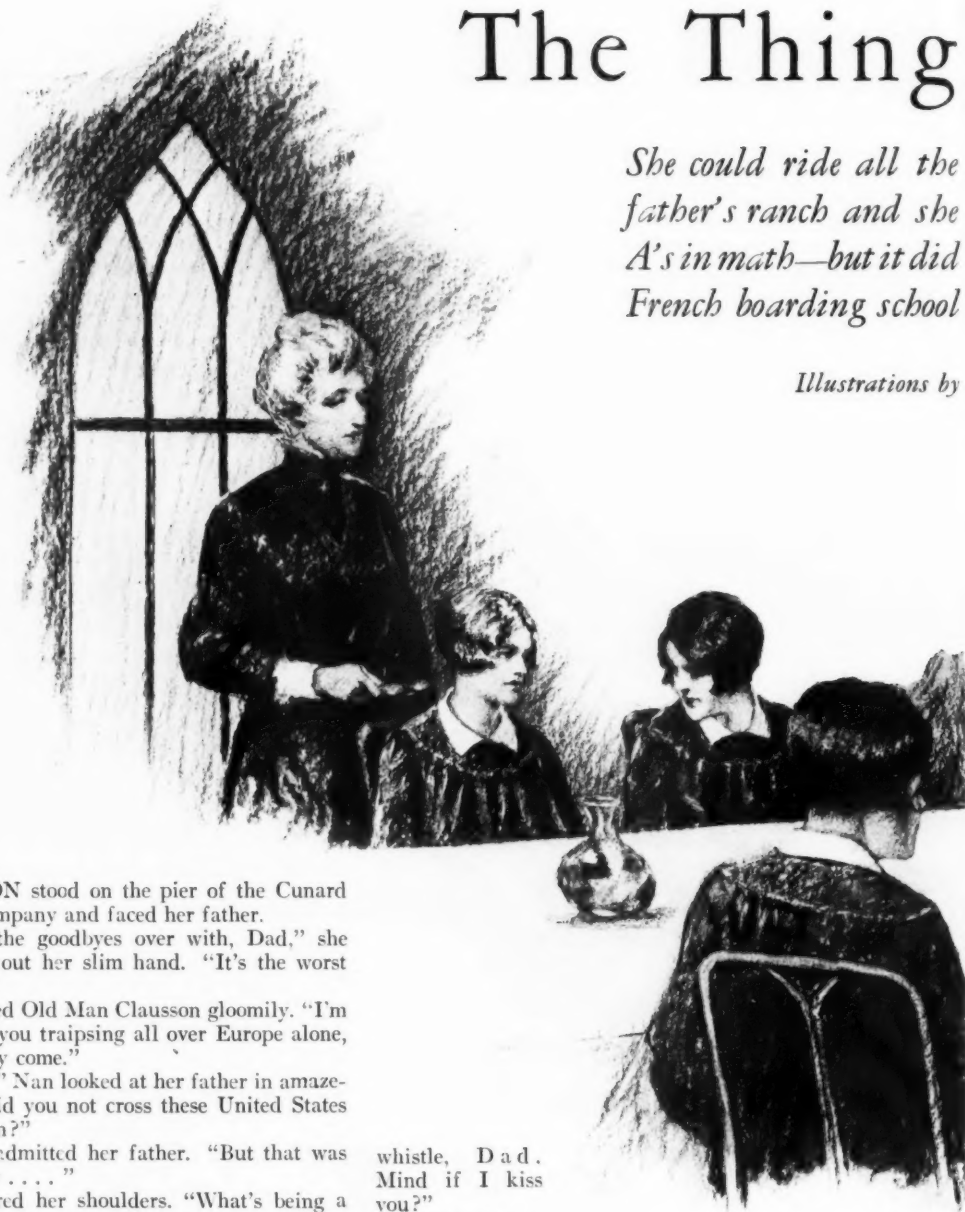


# The Thing

*She could ride all the father's ranch and she A's in math—but it did French boarding school*

*Illustrations by*

"Now then," continued Mlle. Dollet, "the young ladies turn to their escorts on the right and engage them in conversation." Nan turned. Next to her sat Germaine



NAN CLAUSSON stood on the pier of the Cunard Steamship Company and faced her father.

"Let's get the goodbyes over with, Dad," she said briskly, holding out her slim hand. "It's the worst part of going away."

"I hope so," muttered Old Man Clausson gloomily. "I'm sort of peckish about you traipsing all over Europe alone, now the time's actually come."

"Well of all things," Nan looked at her father in amazement. "Did you or did you not cross these United States before you were fifteen?"

"I reckon I did," admitted her father. "But that was different. I was a boy . . ."

"Rats!" Nan squared her shoulders. "What's being a boy got to do with it? You were littler than I, and you were poor, and sometimes you were hungry, and most of the time you went on foot, while I'm traveling *de luxe* and being met the second I land at the other end. There's nothing to it."

"I hope you *are* met all right," he grumbled.

"Oh, I will be," said Nan regretfully. "Adventures just don't happen any more."

"You're a caution," her father's eyes rested on her with admiration. "Now mind you don't get lost."

"Lost," echoed Nan scornfully. "Not a chance. Boat bounded on the north, south, east, and west by water. And a prissy Mademoiselle taking me in tow the minute I land. Say, Dad, I don't think it's going to be much fun going to school over there."

"Maybe not, daughter," conceded her father, "but you've got it to do. Promised your mother to make a lady of you, and I can't back out on that now. Buck up, pardner, you can bear it."

"I suppose I can," Nan said ruefully. "There's the

whistle. Dad. Mind if I kiss you?"

Old Man Clausson laughed as he pulled his daughter into the circle of his powerful arms. They were not a demonstrative pair, but the current between them ran all the deeper for being silent.

"Cable me when you land," he said, releasing her after a moment. "And—God bless you."

In spite of her courageous words, Nan Clausson was very lonely as the liner steamed out of the harbor leaving even the Statue of Liberty behind. And the seven days that followed did little to abate this feeling, since a heavy sea kept most of the passengers in their cabins for the greater part of the trip and, in spite of her apparent self-assurance, she was too shy to make overtures to the few people who did venture out on deck.

Nancy Clausson was an only child. Her father, Old Man Clausson, as all his intimates called him, was several times a millionaire, having labored with his hands and with his head ever since boyhood. His clothes were always

# That Counts

By  
AUDREY MACMAHON

*horses on her  
made straight  
not count in a  
—or did it?*

W. C. Nims



"As you see," said Germaine, "there are some things money cannot buy. For example, good taste and breeding—money cannot buy these. Family—money cannot buy that. Refinement—money is of no help there"

preposterous, his table manners atrocious, and the way he talked frightful—there was no denying that—but he was a power. And something of this forcefulness the girl Nan had inherited from him.

While her mother lived Nan had roamed the ranch, a fair haired, bare-footed, fearless hoyden. But soon after his wife's death Old Man Clausson's attitude toward his daughter changed. He insisted that she go East to a fashionable boarding school, that she be taught the entire curriculum from Latin to side-saddle riding, and that she be made into his idea of a *bona fide* young lady.

At fifteen Nan had exhausted the possibilities at Miss Thurston's and Old Man Clausson decided upon a year on the other side before sending her to college. It was like him to select a school outside of Paris and attended wholly by French students. It was also like him to send Nan over by herself. The only thing about it all that was *not* like him was his momentary qualm at parting from his girl!

Nan arrived at Havre little the worse for wear. Though she had been ill the first few days of the voyage, the last days of bracing air had more than compensated, and her cheeks were flushed with health and her eyes sparkling as

she stood on the pier waiting impatiently to be claimed.

"Like a piece of baggage," she said ruefully to herself. "Only I'm not marked 'Important' or 'Rush' or 'Fragile'."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," a slim youth addressed her in faultless English. "I am Victor Dollet. May I have the honor of conducting you?"

"Not so fast," Nan stood her ground. "Conducting me where?"

"To my aunt, Mademoiselle Dollet, principal of the school for young ladies," explained the young man with quaint precision.

Nan stifled a desire to shout with mirth.

"Lead me to her," she said, picking up her small handbag. "We die but once."

If the youth was puzzled, his astonishment did not interfere with his manners. Politely, but firmly, he took the bag from Nan's hand, and then guided her by her elbow to where a tall, aristocratic lady in black was waiting.

"My aunt," he said formally, "I present Mademoiselle Clausson."

Nan bit her lips to keep from giggling.

"My dear child," said Mlle. Dollet, bending forward slightly, "you made a pleasant voyage?"

"Not very," replied Nan truthfully, "I was sick most of the time."

It seemed to Nan that at the mention of her seasickness a look of distaste crossed Mlle. Dollet's face.

"If it caused you to be confined to your cabin, it is then not regrettable," she said quickly. "I hide not from you that I have no approval for a young girl crossing alone the ocean. I wrote this distinctly to monsieur, your father."

Nan conquered an impulse to answer back and say that she was an American, a ridiculous retort but one which would have exactly expressed her feeling at that moment. Instead she inquired after her luggage.

"My nephew attends to it, my child," explained Mlle. Dollet. "It is for this I brought him to Havre. It is always better to have a man to deal with the porters."

With difficulty Nan repressed a smile of amusement at hearing Victor referred to as a man. He was probably no older than she, but in his aunt's attitude toward him there was actually a trace of deference.

"I should like to send father a cable," Nan said suddenly. "He will be expecting it."

"A cable is of great expense," Mlle. Dollet arched her eyebrows. "Will not a letter suffice?"

"No, it won't," Nan's voice was impatient. "I promised to let him hear as soon as I landed."

"Very well," sighed Mlle. Dollet. "Victor will send it for you in a little moment."

After the "man" had attended to his various duties, he installed his aunt and her charge in the compartment which he had reserved for them, and presently the train got under way.

The trio stopped in Paris overnight. They had rooms in a *pension* which Mlle. Dollet always patronized when in the capital, and the following morning they took leave of Victor who, to Nan's surprise, had to travel south to Dijon where he was going to school.

"You mean to say that you came away for three days just to meet me?" she exclaimed.

"But certainly," replied Victor seriously. "I could not permit my aunt to travel unaccompanied. Also there might have been difficulties with the customs, and then a man is necessary."

Here was an attitude which was foreign to Nan. But, she reminded herself, she was now in a foreign country.

"Well, thanks for helping us struggle along," she said, holding out her hand. The French boy bowed over her outstretched hand without touching it.

"It was a pleasure," he murmured solemnly.

He kissed the blue-veined hand of his aunt as he bade her goodbye and walked swiftly from the platform. He did not wait to see the train leave. Nothing sentimental about him, at any rate.

"Does your nephew always act like that?" asked Nan incredulously.

"He is a young man very well brought up," replied Mlle. Dollet rather severely.

Nan wondered what she had done or said to merit the implied reproach. However, her curiosity about the school to which she was going soon caused her to forget Victor and his super-perfect manners.

"I wish you would tell me about the other girls at school, Mademoiselle Dollet," she said, as the train pulled out of the station.

"With pleasure," replied the principal, "but I must warn you that you will frequently be scolded if you ask all the time questions. A young girl well brought up waits until she is addressed."

"Oh," murmured Nan in a small voice.

"However it is natural you should make mistakes in the beginning," Mlle. Dollet's voice was kind. "You are from America, so of course you have learned nothing of these things. Poor child, that is not your fault."

Nan was so astounded she couldn't speak. Here she had taken honors in her class, passed college board examinations and made the basketball team, and Mlle. Dollet said she had learned nothing.

"Of course, they are most brave, the Americans," continued the Frenchwoman. "We can never forget how they helped us in the war. It is a debt we cannot hope to repay. A debt of honor and of love. Ah yes, the Americans are gallant, courageous, and good."

"Well if they are brave and gallant," said Nan defiantly, "isn't that the thing that counts?"

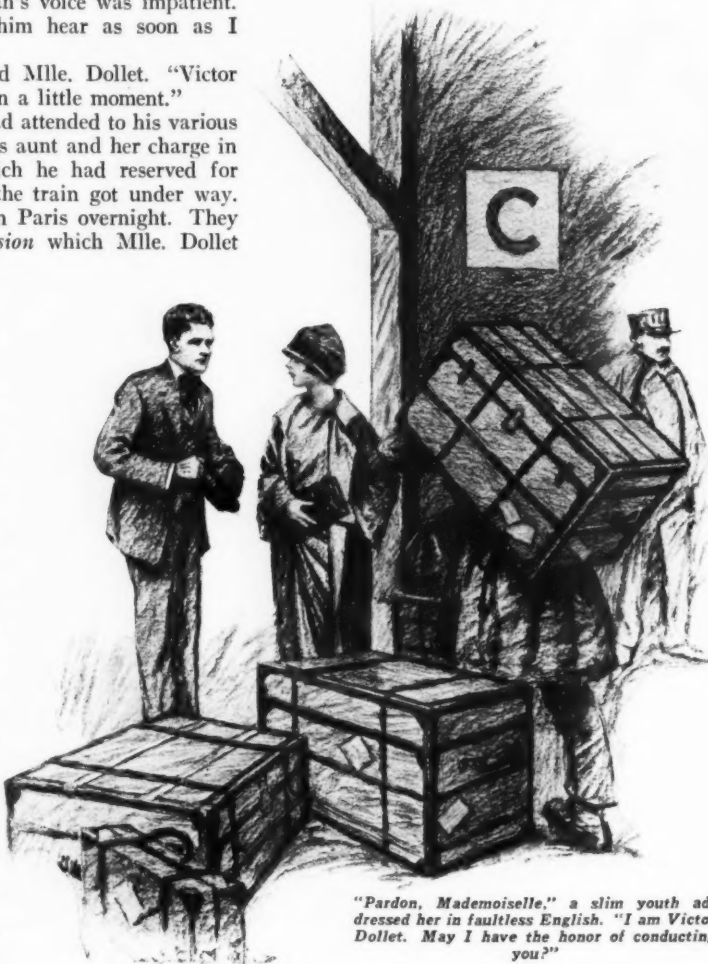
"For a man, perhaps," Mlle. Dollet shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly. "For a young girl it is, of course, quite different."

There was that incomprehensible attitude again. Why shouldn't bravery and gallantry and goodness be just as important for a girl

as for a boy? Nan wondered—and sighed.

"Do not trouble, child," said Mlle. Dollet kindly, "you will soon learn. We will all teach you. And your comrades are nice girls, you will see. There are the Boucy sisters, for example—those girls have perfect deportment. They will be a splendid example. There is Yvette, your roommate—she is a little too fat, but otherwise she is a good girl."

(Continued on page 60)



"Pardon, Mademoiselle," a slim youth addressed her in faultless English. "I am Victor Dollet. May I have the honor of conducting you?"





—enjoying the privileges of being the youngest of the family

# When Olave Baden-Powell was a Girl

ON February 22, 1889, there was born at Stubbing Court near Chesterfield a baby who was destined in after life for a career which neither her parents, her older sister and brother, nor even herself at a later age, could possibly have foreseen. Olave St. Clair Soames was the third and youngest child of Mr. Harold Soames, a man chiefly known among his friends for his love of beauty, whether in nature or art.

Himself a painter of landscapes, his one desire for his little family seemed to be to instil into them from the earliest age an adoration of the beautiful things in life, whether in poetry or prose, music, scenery, pictures or architecture. It was in his search for architectural beauty that he went from house to house, never living for more than a year or two in the same place, but each time finding a home more beautiful than the last.

Hence, from her earliest babyhood, Olave was an experienced mover. (I believe, now, the Chief Guide would tell you that her favourite—or almost favourite—occupa-

*She rode and biked and played in the green English lanes—this girl who was to become Chief Guide of England and wife of the founder of the Boy Scouts*

*Illustrations by E. Stauffer*

tion is turning mere houses into homes.) At the age of one, Olave moved with her family from Stubbing Court to West House, Chesterfield, and here her early uneventful babyhood was spent, with a succession of French and English nurses and nursery governesses.

It was in her third home, Rhenishaw Hall, Derbyshire, that her education proper started, under the eye of Friede, a German governess, who is still a devoted friend of the family.

Here, with her older brother and sister, Olave spent a happy early childhood, getting into the usual childish scrapes and mischief, learning her lessons, and suffering the disadvantages, while enjoying the privileges, of being the youngest of the family. It was at this home that the Chief Guide remembers three cart-horses strolling into the hall early one fine morning, and giving the household somewhat of a shock!

It was here also that she performed a "good turn" worthy  
(Continued on page 40)

Axel Gallen-Kallfela, a great Finnish artist, painted this picture, which illustrates a passage from the Kalevala, the Finnish epic whose hero is the Vainamoinen. Miss Lindholm writes about



Vainamoinen's singing brought him the enmity of the jealous Youkahainen, who has just shot an arrow at the great singer. Vainamoinen's song triumphs, however, and lives to this day

By courtesy of The American-Scandinavian Review

## Greeting from the Land of Song

*From far-off Finland a Girl Guide leader, who was a guest at our International Camp, sends this happy message to all girls*

**I**N Finland, country of the far North, where the summers are short and the winters long, we love perhaps most of all the season when the sun is high and gives life and joy. We all have known, I am sure, the feeling of happiness that comes to us on a radiant summer morning, when the dew still sparkles on leaves and flowers, and as we stroll along our path we feel how wonderful is life, how all that seemed hard and heavy disappears—and softly we sing to ourselves a song to life and to the Giver of all life. Every Girl Scout has known this feeling, particularly at camp, and we all have felt it, too, in our faraway home, Finland.

Our country has been called poor, and so it is, perhaps, in many ways. But we have one enviable treasure which we cherished beyond riches—the gift of song. That gift has been ours from earliest times and to us it is a sacred treasure.

Listen to the words of the saga:

Long, long ago, in the earliest days of the world, there lived an old and wise singer, Vainamoinen. Everything in nature spoke to him. He wanted to catch the soar of the wind, the whispering sound in the fir-trees, he wanted to gather the sunlight as it falls in golden pattern on the moss,

By INGEBORG ALOPÆUS-LINDHOLM

which softly covers our hard gray rocks and mountains. He wanted

to catch the salty smell of seaweed and ocean breezes, the sweet fragrance of all the waves as they break softly on the beaches. He wanted to put them in his song.

The birch tree gave him her white trunk for the frame of his harp, the maiden who, singing, awaited the coming of her beloved a beautiful summer evening, gave of her long golden tresses for strings to the harp, the cuckoo, whose call is the first messenger of spring, gave the fasteners to the string, and so the harp, *kantele*, was completed. Softly Vainamoinen touched the strings, and they sang a melody so wonderful and full of sadness. All the animals and birds came to listen, all the trolls and fairies and even the humans came, crying with joy at what they heard; and so the song was given to soothe and cheer and inspire.

And ever since, our nation has told in song and music of their happiness and of their longing; song has helped us in times when our very existence seemed threatened; song has united us in the strife, and now—when at last our dreams of liberty have been fulfilled—our song has risen in triumphant thanksgiving to Him who has held his shielding hand over our nation and our country.

# The Decision of the Gods

*A grim old god he was—  
surely not one to befriend sad  
Sing Lee; and yet it was to  
him she turned in this story  
of the lantern hung streets of  
old Chinatown*

By LOUIS WESLYN

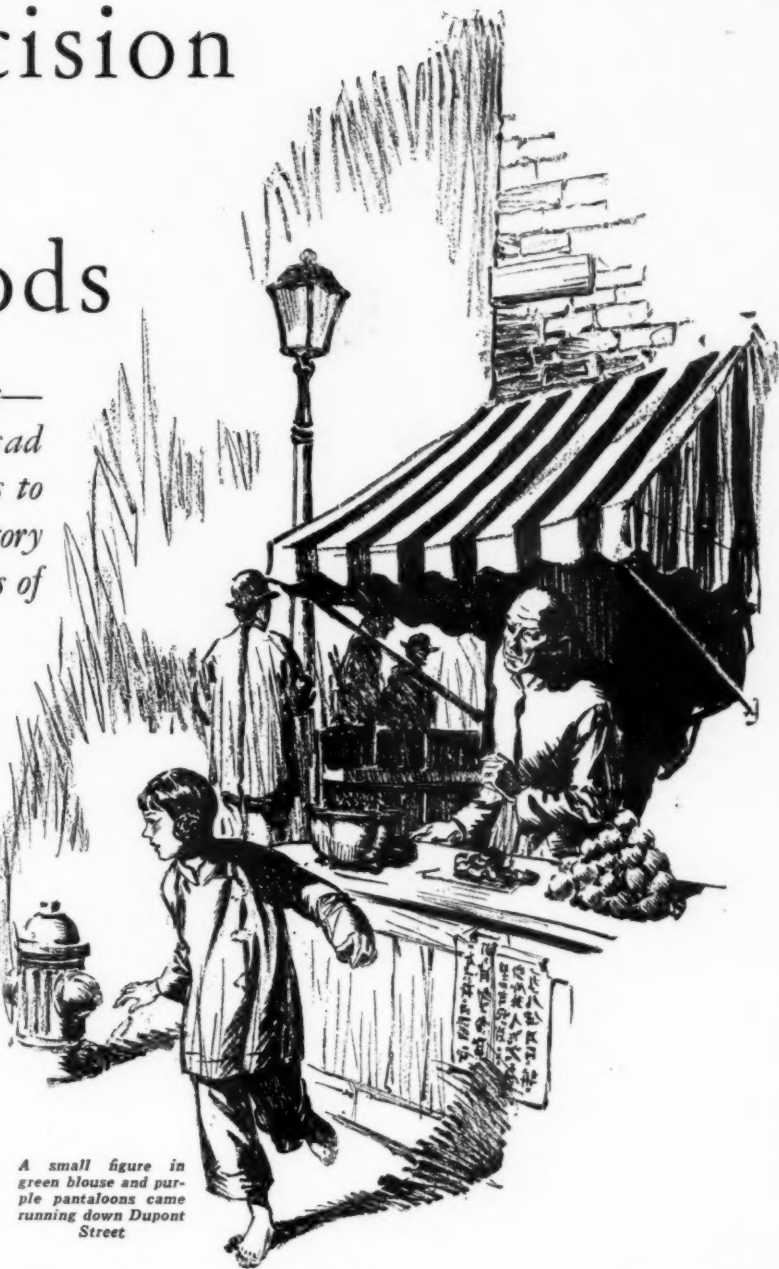
*Illustrations by  
De Alton Valentine*

IT WAS the first day of the Chinese New Year festival. That extensive quarter of old San Francisco known as Chinatown was dressed in its most gorgeous attire. And Chinatown, in those bygone days, was the most picturesque spot in the United States. Yellow banners, embroidered with black dragons, fluttered gaily in the breeze; beautiful many-colored paper lanterns hung in every doorway, and the inevitable firecrackers, without which no Chinese celebration is complete, popped and banged and sizzled underfoot, overhead and everywhere. China lilies in great profusion scented the air, mingling their delicate perfume with the pungent odor of sandal-wood.

The streets were crowded with Chinese men and women and children decked out in gaudy gowns and blouses and pantaloons, and wearing all the cheap jewelry and other finery that could be collected for the occasion. Vendors stood on every corner, selling golden California oranges, candied limes, lichee and betel nuts, and the popular preserved ginger root so dear to the Mongolian palate. The markets—and there were many in Chinatown—were filled with anxious purchasers, and money was fast changing hands, with little of the customary bargaining and haggling that is characteristic of the race—for the New Year is a festival that “brings ill luck to the parsimonious, and the blessings and good will of the gods to those who are liberal and open-hearted.”

“Kong He Faw Choy” is the watchword of the Chinese New Year, and it was heard everywhere on this bright February afternoon. It is equivalent to our English ex-

*A small figure in  
green blouse and purple  
pantaloons came  
running down Dupont  
Street*



pression, “I wish you happiness and prosperity.” Together with these exchanges of compliments, the word “Milo” (“Come and observe”) rang out from every booth and bazaar; for many new toys and sweetmeats and fireworks, fresh from the Flowery Kingdom, were now being placed on sale for the first time.

At a small orange stand on a corner of the busiest thoroughfare, Dupont Street, a white woman stood conversing with a fruit seller. She was a sweet-faced little woman with rosy cheeks, large brown eyes and snow-white hair. That was Mrs. Westbrook.

There was probably no better known person in all Chinatown than Mrs. Westbrook. What a remarkable little lady she was! She was known among the Chinese of San Francisco as the “White Governess”. She had spent many years in China as a missionary, and was now at the head of one of the Chinese mission houses in the Golden Gate City.



She spoke the Chinese language easily—and that's a wonderful thing, when you come to think of it, for the Chinese language is a stumbling block for many linguists.

She was to be seen nearly every day in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, going about among the poor, helping the unfortunate, tending the sick and doing all the good in her power. The more intelligent of the Orientals loved her, in spite of her religion, while the ignorant disliked her and called her "devil woman."

On this occasion she stood chatting pleasantly with Wong Chow, the fruit seller, one of her most faithful friends, wishing him joy and success during the next twelve months, and paying him liberally for a half-dozen of his largest oranges.

"And by the way, friend Wong Chow," she went on in the precise Chinese which so delighted those Mongolians who knew the little lady well enough to appreciate her, "I want you to give me some information. You have always been ready to help me in befriending those of your people who needed my aid. I learn that the barber, Suey Chang, died last week, leaving his little daughter, Sing Lee, alone in the world. Do you know anything about it, friend Wong? Or where the girl is now?"

"Respected lady," replied the Chinaman, in the flowery language of his race, "the gods of the festival must have placed the words you have just uttered between your beautiful lips—for the gods seem to love you, even though you believe not in them. I had intended this very moment to speak to you in regard to the unfortunate child, Sing Lee, who is at this very instant sorely in need of your attention and protection. Suey Chang's death was very sudden, and he left no provision whatever for the little girl. The barber was ever a thoughtless, thriftless man. The child has no relatives in America, and Sam Woo, the shoemaker, and his wife have taken her to raise. Sam Woo is a wicked man—well his wife knows that—whom the gods will visit with wrath ere many moons have passed. Already he treats the child with cruelty, despite all his wife can do."

A troubled expression came over the kindly face of the White Governess.

"So I have heard, friend Wong Chow," she said. "And Sing Lee is so little and so frail."

"But so clever!" exclaimed the fruit seller, with twinkling eyes. "Would you have me speak further upon this subject, beloved mother?"

"Indeed, yes—say all there is to say," assented Mrs.

Sam Woo sprang to his feet, unable to disappointment. "The girl is mine!" he the laws of our people to take her from



DEATON VALENTINE

Westbrook. The fruit seller arranged his wares and continued:

"Then, fair lady, I must tell you that only last night, on the very eve of the New Year, the brutal Sam Woo outraged the gods of our festival by beating her with his leather strap. And all because she dared to disobey some unjust demand. Had Sing Lee been his own, the gods would have eaten up the sacrilegious fellow at once, but, as it is, they will bide their time and punish him as they see fit."

"And the girl—what about Sing Lee?"

"Sing Lee ran away," returned Wong Chow, quickly, his face lighting up, "and is now in hiding. Sam Woo has searched everywhere for her, but her whereabouts remain a mystery."

As he concluded speaking the fruit seller's face broke into a smile.

"Ah, friend Wong Chow, your eyes tell me something!" cried the missionary. "You know where Sing Lee hides."

Wong Chow glanced about cautiously, to make sure that their conversation was not overheard. Then he nodded.

"Sweet lady, I do know," he said. "But to you alone would I impart this information. Sing Lee shall never return to that brute of a shoemaker if I can prevent it. But the difficulty is this—Sam Woo succeeded in having him—"

restrain his anger and exclaimed. "Tis against her guardian"



self appointed the legal guardian of Sing Lee, and no girl or boy may be taken away from parents or guardians without their consent, unless the gods show by some supernatural sign that they sanction a new guardian. You would befriend Sing Lee?"

"Yes, friend Wong Chow, I am most anxious about her welfare."

"Then harken to me, White Governess," and the fruit seller lowered his voice again. "Last night, near the hour of ten, as I was closing up my business, I saw a little figure in green blouse and purple pantaloons, come running down Dupont Street. It was the poor little orphan, Sing Lee. On her face was a look of pain and fright. Before I could utter a word, she sped past my fruit stand and, after hesitating an instant or two in front of the building of the Hop Tsing Tong, she dashed through the doorway and up the stairway which leads to the sacred Joss Temple of the society. A moment later, Sam Woo, the shoemaker, came hurrying down the street, his leather strap in his hand. His brow was dark with anger. He stopped at the corner here beside my stand, and gazed about him in a puzzled manner. 'Did you see that runaway brat?' he asked of me, as he trembled with rage. 'Which way did she go—round the corner or up the stairway?' I answered promptly that she must have disappeared around the corner. 'Twas not the truth, respected lady," added Wong Chow, apologetically, "but surely the gods will forgive me for that lie."

The White Governess nodded, and told him to go on with his story.

"Sam Woo refused to believe me," continued the fruit seller. "He said he was almost certain that he had seen the child dart up the stairs. And so he, too, hastened up to the Joss House of the Tong. I groaned and said to myself, 'All is up with poor little Sing Lee!' Imagine my astonishment, gentle patroness, when the shoemaker came downstairs empty-handed, saying, with a black scowl, that she must have fled around the corner after all. He started off again in pursuit. I am a member of the Hop Tsing Tong and, knowing the Joss House of our society thoroughly, I could not but wonder where Sing Lee had managed to conceal herself. There are no furnishings in the sacred room—nothing but the Joss himself, seated cross-legged on a platform at one end of the apartment. When I closed up my business for the night I went directly to the temple to offer up my New Year's prayer. There were several members of the society kneeling before the Joss with foreheads to the floor, and I joined them in worship. At the same time I searched the holy chamber with my eyes for signs of the runaway child's whereabouts, but could discover none. Then, of a sudden, a thought struck me—and I

knew at once where the clever Sing Lee was hiding."

Wong Chow's smile broadened until it became a grin. The White Governess, who had been listening intently to his story, clutched the sleeve of his blouse excitedly, as she exclaimed:

"Not inside the Joss, friend Wong?"

Friend Wong nodded his head and closed one eye in a humorous wink.

"But how is that possible?" demanded the little missionary.

"Because she is so small—so very small," explained the Chinaman. "For a girl of fifteen years, her tiny doll-like figure is remarkable. I doubt if she ever grows any larger. I think she will always be something of a midget. Perhaps that is why Sam Woo wishes to keep her—to make money out of her, as a curiosity in years to come."

"But how could she contrive to get inside the wooden god?"

"Easily enough, White Governess, for one of her proportions. There is an opening in the side of the Joss, covered by a silken curtain—a very little opening, 'tis true, but big enough to admit a mite like Sing Lee. My deduction of her escape from the shoemaker is this—when Sing Lee, terror-stricken, entered the sacred temple after her flight down

(Continued on page 62)

*These Girl Guides of Budapest, Hungary, camp in the ruins of the historic old castle, Visegrad. What a place for ghost stories when the moon comes up and the wind tells shivering tales of far-away times!*



*Surely one would gladly exchange even the loved tent or shack under the pines to sleep in the ballroom of a real castle—or an open fire under the trees for cooking in an ancient cavernous fireplace*

## Camps Around the World

*Wherever the sun sets—down in the tropics, and in the far North, under palm trees and fir trees and in the shade of old castles, Girl Scouts and Girl Guides have pitched their tents*

**M**OONLIGHT in India and Girl Guides 'round a camp fire—folk dancing in the twilight by Lake Inawashiro in Japan—Scotch Guides in striped and plaid mackintoshes, bare-legged but shod in "gum boots," racing through the heather for camp tea on the moor—French girls in camp on the high red cliffs of Brittany, under the poplars of Normandy, beneath the singing pines of a mountain camp in Alsace, or beside the Mediterranean in old Provence—everywhere Girl Scouts and Girl Guides are camping! More and more their leaders write over to Helen Ferris, "What do the girls of our country like best to do? To camp, of course!" Many of the

By GERTRUDE M. BARNES

*and our far-away friends from everywhere*

letters go on to describe the things girls do in camp, from reveille or "jerks," on down through swimming—how they love it!—and games and camp fire. And always they show, whether from England or Japan or Alaska or Chile, how much this camp life is the same and how dear it is to the hearts of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides the world over.

Who wouldn't feel at home in this Scotch camp, for instance? It lies near Cockburnspath, which is "a wee fishing village," as a Girl Guide writes from there. She continues, "in fact, it's hardly even a village—a few cottages cluster 'round the tiny harbor, and there are a



few houses, two shops, and a kirk on the main road about a mile inland. Our camp lay a mile east of the village, down in Pease Glen. Behind the camp the ground rises steeply and then more gradually until it merges into wild moorland; but near the sea in this sheltered glen it is partly wooded, and in early spring the ground is starred with primroses. Two burns trickle down from the moors. They join each other just below the camp and turn an old mill-wheel. Our kitchen was close beside the mill, and the water lashing down the wooden slope made a splendid spray for scouring dishes; it also served us as a shower bath on our way back from bathing. On each side of the camp rose bracken-covered slopes, and in front of us stretched the sea, only ten minutes distant. So there we were, surrounded by all we could wish.

"Our usual day is like this. At six o'clock all is still. Rabbits scuttle hither and thither, and an inquisitive robin settles himself on the wild rose bush outside our tent door. At six-thirty the cook awakes. She hurries and wakens three other unfortunate individuals who struggle up. However, a good wash in the burn dispels all cobwebs, and soon the kitchen fire is blazing merrily, and the porridge is being carefully stirred.

"At seven-thirty the rest of the camp is roused, and how joyfully the cooks call them up! At eight we have prayers, the colors are hoisted, then breakfast—and 'those who did not fancy porridge during the first few days, now return for second helpings. After breakfast the tents are tidied, inspection takes place, and orderlies go about their duties.

"At twelve a contingent goes forth to bathe. How good is the scent of the warm grass as we dash off to the sea, crushing out the essence from thyme and white clover! Through patches of rest-harrow we scamper until at last we arrive on the beach. Then in we go, drawing up first one foot and then the other, and reserving the moment of torture as long as possible. Others prance on the very edge, and the Captain has great difficulty in persuading them to come in at all, but in the end all join the happy throng. Don't imagine we are cowards. Our sea is very cold, and really sometimes a good deal of courage is required for that first plunge. Then home, and a final splash under that fascinating water-wheel, while the trout dart away in disgust at the invasion. (We caught two trout during our stay, but I won't say how. The method will not be found in any book on angling!)

"Dinner at one, followed by canteen and rest hour,

almost silence, broken now and then by laughter, while butterflies flutter lazily in the sun.

"At three we take our trusty kettle and sandwiches, and hike either on the moors or along the shore. The heather is just blossoming, foxgloves are everywhere, and sprays of honeysuckle trail across the wood. Birds dart to and fro among the branches, and now and then the startled call of the blackie warns the other denizens of the wood of our approach. Tracking games are played, wild-flowers collected, and discoveries made, while a second-class aspirant gingerly lights the fire with two matches and boils the kettle for tea.

"Then home for supper and camp fire—camp fire where you can hardly distinguish the leaping flames from the last rays of the setting sun. Gold rays are everywhere, and we sit 'round in a dancing circle of light. With songs and yarns the magic hour passes in a flash, quicker almost than the fading light. Then prayers and bed. There is laughter and chattering for half an hour while the Guides hurriedly undress and see that their beds are well tucked in. Then the final whistle goes, and *Taps* is sung from the tent doors. Then silence. All are sleeping the sleep of those who live out of doors."

Then there is an English camp that Hilda Barker describes in a letter to Harriet Adams, a Girl Scout in Albany, New York. Hilda says: "I must tell you a little about our camp. My sister, a Guide Captain, took nine of us out. We had one tent and our stores were in a box under a ground sheet by a tree. Every morning we dressed soon after we awoke, and the cooks lit the fire and started breakfast going. Then the table layers laid the table, as you might guess they ought to do, and after grace we all set to and ate a surprising amount of porridge, bacon and tomatoes, jelly, bread and butter, or a little butter and moist brown sugar. (This is delicious mixed together with occasionally a little cocoa added.) After all had finished, the table layers cleared away, the errand girls fetched milk, drinking water, and supplies from the village, the orderlies brought wood and water and did the washing up, and the cooks began dinner.

"We dined on different dishes—two days roast meat—I cooked it at home before we left—one day Irish stew, one day corned beef stew—jolly good!—and then three rabbits, all for one dinner, that my father shot. The second courses consisted of plums served in various ways. Afterwards we rested, and then after tea we went for walks. Once we

(Continued on page 57)



Scottish Girl Guides dance the Scottish Eightsome reel at Skelmorlie in Ayrshire

# Over the Seas and Far Away

*When a member of the National Board of the Girl Scouts goes adventuring, girls and boys will surely be found along the way*

LAST winter a friend and I sailed on a big liner, in January, bound on a great adventure. We were to be gone ten weeks and live all that time on this huge boat, a real floating hotel, and were to visit numbers of countries and see many different kinds of people. I wanted particularly to see the children, and it is of those boys and girls that I am thinking today.

Our first stop was at Funchal, on the Island of Madeira, veritable land of flowers, which rises from the sea, suddenly, after you have been seeing nothing but ocean on every side for seven days. Madeira is very mountainous, with deep ravines, wide beaches and white stucco houses with red roofs.

We went up one of these mountains in a funicular and got our first glimpse of the children of these Portuguese islands. The mountain, up which our funny stout-hearted little engine tugged the two open cars, was very steep, yet a crowd of little boys and girls ran after us almost the whole way. The girls were dressed in gay cotton dresses, the boys in trousers of red and blue with white shirts, open at the throat, and all were barefoot, their small feet pattering on the none too wide path beside the track. As they ran they threw flowers into the car, bunches or even single blooms, and hoped for a penny or two in return. At first the passengers kept the flowers and threw out small coins for them, but after awhile we got rather tired of the game, and the flowers became very faded and squashed from their many trips in and out of the car—rather rough treatment for a beautiful full-blown rose!

At one place where the train went close by a tiny house, we saw the loveliest baby standing in the little garden. She couldn't have been more than two years old, and had on a white dress with red, polka dots, an enormous straw hat, and "mosquito boots." But, small as she was, she knew the trade and held out two fat hands towards the car, smiling a most engaging smile, and I will say she did a roaring business in pennies as we puffed slowly by.

By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

*Illustrations by Harvè Stein*



*A Girl Fruit Vendor in Naples*

By ANNE LLOYD

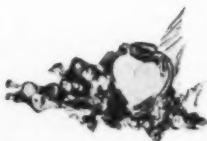
Teresina stands surrounded  
By gay clamorings of color—  
Rosy-amber peaches mounded  
Like a sunset cloud—nor duller;

Pyramids of crimson cherries,  
Pears like golden lutes, half hidden  
Under globes of grapes, and berries  
Redly luscious and dew-ridden.

Bold Italian sunlight dapples  
Teresina's hair with yellow,  
Dyes her cheeks like scarlet apples,  
Makes her brown eyes warm and mellow.

And the people buying, linger  
With a joy beyond the telling,  
While she tests with shapely finger  
Fragrant wares she would be selling.

Teresina, all unknowing,  
Sets her customers day-dreaming,  
As she stands like Ceres, glowing,  
With her sunny fruit a-gleaming.



The manufacture of "mosquito boots" is one of the industries of Funchal. They are made of light pliable leather, and look rather like our rubber boots except that they fold down about the ankles for ordinary wear and pull up to the knee when the mosquito season is on.

As we went up the mountain, I looked down into the deep ravine beside the track and thought I saw large patches of snow lying among the trees. Imagine my surprise when my snow turned out to be calla lilies, thousands of them, growing wild like our daisies. When we went back to the boat, we carried armfuls of the lovely things, which we had bought for about fifty cents.

The next children that we saw were at Tarifa, a very old town on the coast of Spain. We had motored from Gibraltar and were all having our luncheon, sitting on a broad wall which surrounded a public square, when the news of our arrival spread through the town. Very soon we were surrounded by nearly a hundred children of all ages, who stood and gazed at us with enormous dark eyes in the most embarrassing way. One of the party started the game going by throwing an orange to the nearest child, and bedlam instantly broke loose. We were fairly mobbed by the young vagabonds, to whom our excellent ship's luncheon seemed like a feast for the gods. In self defence we fed them and were rewarded for our generosity by having the whole crowd follow us all afternoon as we walked about the narrow streets of the town.

As I was taking a photograph of three tiny donkeys who were almost hidden by the great seines they were carrying down to the sea, I felt a tug at my coat. Turning, I saw two little girls who made it very plain that they wanted me to photograph them, which I promptly did as they were very pretty and had taken infinite pains to twist their black woollen shawls about their heads in true Spanish fashion. Later I was obliged to put a new film in my camera and, seating myself on a wall to

effect the change, I was instantly surrounded by the horde, who pressed so closely about me in their anxiety to see such a novel performance that I had to get our guide to push them off. One boy, riding on a minute donkey, nearly drove him into my lap so as not to miss the sight!

Our English word "tariff" comes from the name of this little Spanish town, where hundreds of years ago the pirates, who lived on the coast, used to row out and hold up the ships passing through the straits and exact money from them for the goods they carried.

From Spain we journeyed across the Mediterranean Sea to Africa and visited Algiers and Tunis. Here we saw many boys and very few girls. The girls, even those of Girl Scout age, rarely go out in the street and, when they do, they are veiled. But the same system of begging goes on. The mothers teach even the smallest baby to hold out its hand while she whines for alms.

In our trip up the Nile on a steamboat called the *Damiatta*, we passed many native villages. Here the children abound. The villages are very small, the houses are built of mud with roofs of dried sugar cane. Each house has a yard in front and in the yard live all the live stock—camels, water buffaloes, donkeys and goats—and frequently they all sleep in the house with the family. None of them looked very clean and the flies were dreadful.

On our trip to the great temple of Abedos, we saw families walking along the road going to the nearby towns, the children carrying little kids in their arms. We were told that they could exchange them for grain and other commodities, but the whole family would run for long distances after the carriages begging, as though they had nothing in the world.

The day that we drove from Luxor to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, we heard as we drove along a pitter-patter of bare feet behind us. Standing up to look, I found that we were being followed by a little boy in a straight blue cotton garment with a bright colored turban. When he saw me he smiled broadly, showing two rows of beautiful

white teeth and, seeing my interest in him, he came up alongside of the carriage. I managed to make the driver understand that the boy was running there. He nodded to me and shouted something to the boy, who instantly dropped out of sight, although we could still hear his footsteps behind us. Again I leaned out. This time he called to me "nice boy,"

pointing to himself. I repeated it after him, which made him roar with laughter. All that morning, for miles over that rocky road, choked with white dust, that little boy ran at our side on his untiring little brown feet that never seemed to feel the rocks at all. Only once could I prevail upon the driver to let him sit at our feet for a little way, but even so the smile never faded.

We saw him again the next day, at the Temple of Karnac, still dusty, still running, with the same smile and "nice boy" for us. I don't know what his duties were in following the carriage all day but, whatever they were, he certainly performed them cheerfully.

While we were in Cairo, there was some sort of legal holiday and many of the poorer families went for drives about the city. It is only on these occasions that the women

of the family ever go out in the day time. They were all piled into two-wheeled carts drawn by donkeys, the women and girls veiled, the men and boys in gay turbans and red fezzes. The idea seemed to be to make as much noise as possible, so, as the donkey proceeded slowly along with his heavy load, the family sang queer songs and accompanied their singing with clapping of hands and beating of small drums, while the children blew on pipes and whistles. We must have met several dozen of these noisy merry-makers that day, and they all seemed to be having the most glorious time.

In Bethlehem one of the industries is hand-carving in mother-of-pearl, which comes from the Red Sea. The day we were there, I bought a very pretty star of Bethlehem for my grandson, from a little boy who told me, in very broken English, that his sister had made it and she was lame. He was most anxious that we should go to see her, but we did not have the time. In Jerusalem we saw many children. All nationalities seem to inhabit the little houses on those very narrow streets. One day I walked to the top of the Mount of Olives and on my way down stopped to watch two little girls getting water from a well. I was much amused to see that, instead of pails, they were pouring the water into five gallon tins of the Standard Oil Company.

These square tins made fine pails. The little girls filled them from the bucket, put them on their heads and walked up the steep hill, balancing them beautifully, never spilling a drop of water.

The same afternoon we drove down to the Dead Sea, that strange sheet of water, twelve hundred feet below the level of the sea, which is so salt that the fumes have killed all vegetation for miles around. On the shore of this unique piece of water lives a band of Arabs who are almost savages. They are dressed in sackings, and their bushy hair hasn't been combed or brushed, I am sure, for years. They came rushing from their mud huts to greet us and sell us pieces of the salt crystal that forms on the beach.

From the Holy Land we went to Sicily and spent a day in Palermo. Here the bright-eyed Italian children sell flowers, fruit and picture postals, always smiling and dressed in the gayest dresses with bright flowered handkerchiefs tied about their shoulders or over their heads. We were entranced with the donkey carts, all reds and blues with quite elaborate pictures of saints and other religious subjects painted on the sides, the harness ornamented with silver, and tall plumes waving on the donkeys' heads.

On landing at Naples we took the celebrated Amalfi Drive, seeing many of these same cheery young people by the roadside and in the little villages. At one place we passed a group of boys from some religious school, all dressed in long purple gowns, with scarlet sashes and broad brimmed purple hats with scarlet cords. They were running along chasing each other from side to side of

(Continued on page 65)

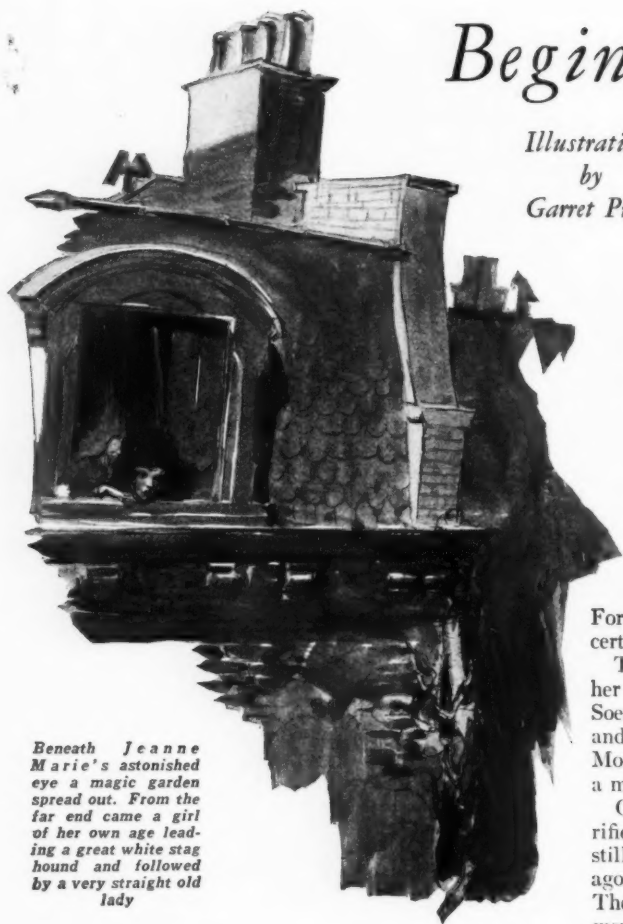




# Beginning Through

Illustrations  
by  
Garret Price

From the far corners of the world  
ship—A thrilling story of a



Beneath Jeanne Marie's astonished eye a magic garden spread out. From the far end came a girl of her own age leading a great white stag hound and followed by a very straight old lady

THE stairs were steep and dark and very long. The upper hall had a musty, unaired smell. But it was cooler there than in the street, and Jeanne Marie was grateful. The city lay quivering in the heat of a pitiless July. It was Saturday afternoon and yet Jeanne Marie had an hour to herself only because Madame was too overcome with the weather to bother about anyone else.

Outside, withering heat waves shimmered from brick and stone. The deserted street turned black before Jeanne Marie's eyes as she stopped before the stiff stone front that was just exactly like a long row of other stiff stone fronts in the block. For once the front door gave silently to her key.

She held her breath and her feet burned and ached as she went noiselessly up step after step. But the sharp voice of Madame Dubilier remained strangely silent.

Jeanne Marie paused at the foot of the fourth flight of stairs and drew off her shoes. Ah, blissful relief! Gaining the top, she opened the door of her room, inch by inch, and, groping in the gloom, threw herself across the great dark bed.

It was almost six years since Jeanne Marie, then but ten years old, had kissed Soeur Felice at Calais and waved goodbye to her and to France for as long as she could see the shore. She was going to be with the father and the mother who had gone before to America, and who were waiting for her in New York City. They had written her to come and Oh! how happy she was. And so Jeanne Marie had smiled at everyone after she had wiped away the tears that came when she parted from dear Soeur Felice. She had had a fine cabin, too, there on shipboard, and had been

in the captain's care and had eaten at his table.

Her papa was a *parfumeur*, an exporter of perfumes in the great America, and had plenty of money. Everything possible was done for her on the ocean voyage. There were fruits and flowers and candies, and many lovely, long-legged French dolls in her stateroom.

But when the child arrived in New York, no mama and papa Dubilier were there to meet her. The glad cries that were almost bursting from her as she stood beside the captain on the upper deck, her prettiest doll clasped to her, her smart fur-trimmed hat and coat worn just so, were swallowed in a choked sob as the people came and went, and kissed one another.

For no one came for her and at last there was the sickening certainty that mama and papa were not there.

The captain put her in charge of a kind man who took her to the address given upon the last letter received by Soeur Felice from Papa Dubilier. It was a great hotel and there the management said after some delay that Monsieur and Madame Dubilier had been there more than a month before, but they "had checked out." Gone!

Crouched in the great building at Ellis Island, a terrified, gangly girl, with long dark curls, and deep blue eyes still bluer from weeping, sat with a pinched face and an agonized heart. Her mama, her papa, but where were they? Then, on the fourth day of this terrible waiting, a tall woman with dark hair and a handsome hard face came and looked at Jeanne Marie as she huddled in a chair in the office.

"Yes," said the woman at length, "it is she. I will take her." And she smiled a fascinating smile that disarmed an instinctive distrust which had made the girl draw back.

"She is your aunt," said the monsieur kindly. "You are to go with her, my girl." Papers were signed and, patting Jeanne Marie, the monsieur turned to the next case. Never since had she seen the smiling mama with curly hair and the gay papa with a *chic* moustache.

This aunt, she was told as they drove through the roaring streets, was the widow of her papa's brother. She had never known Papa Dubilier. It was a great kindness in her, she said, to take Jeanne Marie at all. She was kind enough indeed. Jeanne was dressed most exquisitely, her curls brushed till they shone, and she stood at the door of her aunt's establishment to greet in beautiful French the ladies who came. For Madame Dubilier was in the same business as papa, it seemed.

But always Jeanne Marie was mournful, and the wife of Uncle Jacques grew sharp. "Jeanne Marie, I've done everything possible to find your pa and ma. It's not my fault if they go off and die without a word to anyone. They got no right to disappear," she would say.

The house in which Madame and her beauty business were established had been left her by Monsieur Dubilier. It was handsome and old, but out of the way of fashionable shoppers. The trade in wholesale cosmetics, perfumes and beauty preparations flourished, however.

So it was that eleven year old Jeanne Marie became a veritable little factory. Her deft fingers were clever at mixing special creams, at perfuming them, at filling sample

# a Hidden Window

By ALIDA  
SIMS MALKUS

*they come, three girls who open closed windows to friendship and comrade-  
lonely and mysterious garden hidden among the skyscrapers of a great city*

containers, and arranging bewitching little packages with a deft French skill that all of Madame's copying could not imitate. Also, Jeanne Marie could say delightful things in French about the preparations and give them engaging French names.

Deliveries were made at night usually—by Jeanne Marie. And then, although the time did come when she no longer had to deliver, she had to sell and get new orders. Madame was a shrewd business woman. At the beginning she had simply regarded "Muree" as a slavey, an apprentice, to mix and smell, to fill orders and answer the telephone. But she had come to realize Jeanne Marie's ability in the perfume business—and used her accordingly. As the years lengthened into one, two, three, and the French girl grew tall, quiet and slender, Madame relied on her more and more.

The taste, the executive ability of the girl—to these Madame was blind, but being a lazy and selfish woman who liked to lie abed until noon, she realized the value of this fifteen year old girl upon whom she had no claim, and who, nevertheless, was conducting a prosperous business for her.

The house was a narrow one—the business rooms were on the first floor, Madame's own rooms and the living apartment on the second, the workrooms on the third. So the fourth floor remained for Jeanne Marie. And there, at

the end of the hall, in a great dark room, and on a great dark, dusty old bed, a slender figure often stretched, crying hot tears from weariness and hopelessness. She had no friends of her own—Jeanne was too shy and retiring to make them—and no one ever came to the house, except to see Madame.

"Oh, where are papa and mama?" she would weep, to herself.

Nothing but this room, and work, and this room again, unswept, ungarnished with fresh things from one week to another. Its one window faced a brick wall across a narrow shaft, the light filtering in from over a tiled parapet that shut out any further view. Jeanne Marie had often thought that she would get across the shaft to the other houses somehow, and look down on the world from the roofs—then she would run away—but she was always too busy or too tired.

One day, from sheer weariness, Jeanne stopped crying, and lay looking at the opposite side of the room. Once a window had been there, for the framework showed above a dismal old wardrobe that stood against it. Jeanne had always been faintly curious about that window frame. But it had been covered over—perhaps the window was filled in.

"It would probably only open on another alleyway," she said to herself. But it would be cooler if that window were opened.

So Jeanne Marie found herself standing upon a chair



beside the wardrobe, and peering behind it. The ugly wall paper was there too, but it was cracked in seams. She poked a tentative finger. It slit the paper and a ray of light shone through. It was coming through cracks between the boards that had closed up the window!

Quick, nervous energy moved that heavy piece of furniture aside until there was enough space for a slender figure to squeeze in behind, to slit the paper with a ruler, and to pry the boards apart with a strong stick found in the closet. It took pulling and prying and determination, but at last one board creaked and gave, then another, and a flood of cool, sweet air came lightly in, and a dark wavy head was thrust through the window into—paradise.

From this point, the story changes—as life changes at every turn. Beneath Jeanne Marie's eyes a different world spread out, a magic garden far down below, a garden of fountains and flowers and arbors and ribbons of green grass. And the walls about this garden were of creamy rough stucco, "cow-licked" with enchanting balconies, laden with flowers. That such a world could have been all

this time behind that dark ugly wall paper in Jeanne Marie's room she could hardly believe!

"Prettier than the stage scene at the matinée to which I went last year," Jeanne said softly to herself, "and it's real." The rustle of leaves, the chirping of birds, the splashing of wall fountains, came up to her on the perfume of growing flowers. And as she

looked and a faint rose of excitement came into the ivory pallor of her cheeks, from the far end of the garden came a girl of her own age, dark too, but with short clustering bobbed curls, leading a great white staghound.

She walked the length of the garden followed by a very straight, slender, older woman, who wore a black lace shawl upon her head. Then they both disappeared into a wrought-iron door at the far end. An hour passed—and still Jeanne Marie hung there, leaning through the hole she had torn. Finally, with a sigh, she took her arms from the cutting edge of the boards and drew back into her room.

It looked different now; she saw it in a new light, with a ray of gold sunshine filtering in and bringing out unguessed beauties in the old red mahogany furniture and brass candlesticks.

It was a flushed and almost happy Jeanne Marie who appeared with freshly brushed curls at the supper table. Madame was too irritable to notice any change. And directly supper was over there was a delivery to be made to a little beauty parlor in uptown New York.

Jeanne was back before ten. Light feet fairly flew up four flights. Under a ripe summer moon the garden lay more enchanting than ever. From below came the throaty strumming of a guitar, and now and then a plaintive bar or two from a Spanish song.

And so it went for a number of days. Jeanne Marie longed to make the girl down there look up. But always she was accompanied by the forbidding looking lady of the black lace veil. Then, one afternoon when all the world drowsed in the heat of midsummer, Jeanne thrust her head between the boards to find the girl in the garden all alone.

"Yoo-hoo," she called softly, but clearly, "Yoo-hoo."

The girl below jumped up from the marble bench, eyes darting here and there. Another call and they found the place where Jeanne's dark curls hung down. Looking so, one up, one down, they gazed for a minute at one another. Then the girl below beckoned quickly, imperiously, while her lips framed the words, "Come down, come down," and they both looked helplessly about for a way.

Jeanne's eyes traveled hopelessly down a wall where every window save hers had been bricked up. And the eyes of the girl in the garden traveled up until "oo-oh," escaped her lips, and looking fearfully about she clapped a hand over her mouth. Then, as no one appeared in the garden, she pointed to one side of Jeanne Marie's window. There a tiled water drain, running along beneath the wide sill, bent at a corner of the wall to run earthward, and a stout wistaria vine, climbing on the drain, had reached nearly to the roof, its leaves covering a trellis that formed the most perfect ladder one could wish.

The girl below looked terrified at the idea, but the girl above had not been self reliant for so much of her young life for nothing. And so, about three minutes afterwards she stood on the velvet grass of the hidden garden, both hands clasped in the hands of a bright-eyed girl who peered delightedly into her face.

"You are ver-ee pretty. Good!" laughed the garden girl. "I like pretty people, me. My name is Lolita, and yours? Come, we shall sit by the fountain," and she drew Jeanne into a leafy arbor where they could not be seen from the house.

"We must be so quiet. Hoosh!"

(Continued on page 66)



Hand over hand the girl came down the wall while the girls below gasped for breath





The blue beauty of the lake with the sky mirrored in it, and occasionally a pattern of light wings across it, always helped her

# Roselle of the North

*"Come!" call the Night Singers to Roselle, and she speeds into the dark and into a new mystery—the second installment of this thrilling new serial*

THE warm gale of the spring Chinook wind brought trouble and change to Roselle, who lived with her father, Dark Fontaine, the Saby brothers, and Peter Saby's wife, Pamak, in a cabin in the North Woods. First, she heard Peter voice his suspicion that she was not really Fontaine's daughter. She was too pale, he said. And he spoke of a woman he had seen down the river who had the same white skin and red hair as Roselle. "First time I set eyes on Roselle," he added, "I thought it was that woman's ghost!" Roselle had never seen a white woman. Ever since she could remember, she had been among dark faces, and she often longed for a woman of her own race.

Then, too, she overheard the whispered treachery of the Sabys—the plans to get rid of Dark Fontaine for the sake of his share of the profits from the winter's trapping—and to get rid of her, as well. Roselle knew now why her father had said when he tossed her the wings of a wild goose, "I wish you could fly, Roselle. I wouldn't have to dread anything worse for you than a hunter's shot."

At supper in the cabin, Peter told Pamak that Dark Fontaine had gone into the forest to collect furs from the traps and wouldn't be back until the next day. Roselle lay wide awake that night on her bed of deerskins, while the Chinook shrieked in crescendo outside.

In the morning, Pamak's brother, Kaska, arrived with his little band of Cree Indians, and Roselle's heart felt lighter. For she knew that Peter would not dare harm Fontaine with Kaska there. The young Indian had come for the furs which Peter had promised in payment for Pamak, and Roselle heard Peter lie, saying that he hadn't paid his debt because Dark Fontaine had opposed it.

"Where is Fontaine?" asked Kaska. "He has always appeared to be my friend, and I must ask him why he now does this evil thing."

By CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

Illustrations by Frank Schoonover

Peter offered to find him but, before starting, he exchanged pouches with Kaska, saying that he greatly admired the Cree designs in

which the Indian's pouch was beaded.

As soon as Peter had gone, Roselle burst out: "He is lying! He and Jim plan to murder my father!" Pamak rebuked her and sent her from the room, but, nevertheless, the Indian woman knew Roselle spoke the truth, and told Kaska so. She even begged him to take the girl and adopt her as his daughter, so that Peter could not kill her as well as Fontaine. Kaska consented, and, after selecting several fine skins, no more and no less than were due his father in payment for Pamak, he started with Roselle and his band for the encampment. To ease the girl's fears for her father, Kaska promised to return and see that no harm came to him.

When, some hours later, Peter rushed in, he had no time even to think about Roselle and the seizure of the furs. For in the wood he had just shot Dark Fontaine, had seen him drop, had thrown beside him the Cree pouch so suspicion would rest on Kaska, and then—his own shot had been answered by two others, from somewhere out of view!

"It must have been the brigade!" cried Jim. The brigade guarded the forest for the Hudson Bay Trading Company, and saw to it that no outsiders trapped on the company's preserves.

Flight was the only thing. So Pamak and Jim pulled down the best bales of furs, Peter got ready the canoes, and soon they were gliding on the swift current of Little River, away from Roselle in her new home among the Crees.

## CHAPTER III

### *A Daughter of the Crees*

Roselle's lips quivered and there was a trembling about her heart for a moment whenever the wind blew, stirring the

leaves with low sounds. Perhaps all her life long the sound of wind, even such gentle wind as this today, would call back to her vividly the Chinook which had shrieked in dry gusts all night over the cabin at Little River, sucking up snow and ice, and sweeping away Dark Fontaine into the world of spirits, and hurling herself out of the life in which she had been Dark Fontaine's daughter into this new life as a daughter of the Crees.

Late spring and summer were merging now. It was a sweet wind that rustled the birches and swayed the pines on the neck of land, thrust into a small, very clear lake, where Kaska's band had their summer encampment.

And, but for the memories it brought back so keenly, Roselle would have responded to its

gentle touch with smiles, for this mild fresh blowing air is beloved of every Northwesterner. It is crystal drink in crystal cups held to the lips of mere human beings by unseen immortals, a draught of new life. On its surface the sapphire sky and the emerald earth seem to float like a spray of flowers.

Weeks had passed since that terrible moment when Roselle had learned that Fontaine was dead and that she was not going for a walk with Kaska to see a wonderful bird but on a far journey with him to become his daughter and to live among strangers. Not even Pamak would be with her. To be sure, she had found every one in her new home very kind. Sikawa, Kaska's wife, had received her joyfully. The other women had all come to Sikawa's tent and greeted her with smiles and kind words. The girls and smaller children had invited her to play with them. All the people of the village, in short, had done everything they could think of to keep her from grieving and brooding. Sometimes Sikawa said, a little reproachfully,

"When you are sad, people will say I am not kind to you."

And Roselle answered quickly:

"Oh, no, *Nimama*, (mother) you are very kind. But how can I help grieving over the death of Dark Fontaine who was once my *Nipapa* as the good Kaska is now?"

"That is true," Sikawa would admit. "Kaska says that it is because your heart is true that you still sorrow for your former father. And so, when you have learned to love us and to think of us as your only parents, you will be faithful to us as you are to Dark Fontaine. Yet I am sorry for your sadness, because you are young and should be happy all day long."

Roselle had slipped off by herself down to the shore this morning because she wanted to banish her sorrow, and the blue beauty of the lake with the sky mirrored in it, and occasionally a pattern of light or dark wings drawn across it, as geese or cranes flew by aloft, always helped her. This was an important day in her life and in the lives of her new parents. For today this new daughter was to be cere-



Four figures in fantastically marked blankets and masks approached with a comical dancing

monially given her new name as a Cree maiden. And for Kaska's and Sikawa's sakes, Roselle wanted to be bright and smiling. She wondered what name had been decided upon and hoped, of course, that it would be a pretty one. For several days now, the Medicine Man, the conjurers of spirits, and the wise old counselors of this branch of the vast Cree tribe had sat apart and consulted everything and everybody in heaven and earth, and held long debates among themselves, with a view to selecting the name which would bring the new daughter of Kaska the greatest degree of good luck forever after. Last night they had solemnly announced to Kaska that the spirit name had been revealed and that, next day, the Naming Feast would take place.

Today all the women had risen at dawn to begin cooking for the feast and the children had gathered boughs and mosses and grasses. Several had complained that the Naming Feast ought to have been postponed to the time of wild roses, for then, said they, it would have been much prettier.

Now, as Roselle sat on the beach close to where the water lapped the pebbly shoreline, and watched the tiny crinkles made here and there on the lake's surface by the wind, a girl, who was a couple of years younger than herself, joined her. This girl was the daughter of the Medicine Man, and her very long name meant a branch of hazel nuts while the shell was still soft and white and encased in its pale green velvet sheath.

"I have made a pretty wreath of horn moss for you," said she. "We can pretend that the red things in the moss are roses, if we like, unless you think it pretty enough as it is."

Roselle's face brightened as she took the wreath of grayish moss liberally dotted with tiny scarlet trumpets, or "horns," as she called them.

"I think it is quite pretty enough as it is," she said.

"Then that is all right," said Unripe Nut. "We can save our power to pretend, for no doubt we shall need it in some other way. Still, though I would not dare to say this



to the others who might repeat it, I feel mortified because my father did not arrange to have the right spirits come here in the time of roses instead of now when there are none. How can a young girl look truly beautiful without wild roses, above all at her Naming Feast? However, it is useless to cry about it now. We will do the best we can without roses."

"I don't think that even roses could be prettier than this," Roselle said, still examining her dainty wreath with pleasure. Unripe Nut smiled, very pleased.

"I really make very good wreaths," she said, complacently. "I meant to tell you stories about other Naming Feasts, including my own—we had roses at mine, which is the very reason why I feel that my father *should*—well, no matter. However I can't tell you the stories now because I see some of the *Wetigo-Kanuk* coming for the purpose of cheering you up and making you laugh."

Roselle looked over her shoulder and saw four or five figures in fantastically marked blankets and masks. They approached with a comical dancing step. She knew them by name, for the *Wetigo-Kanuk* was a conspicuous secret society characterized by its extraordinary masks and by its code, which compelled every member to say the opposite

of what he meant. In short they reversed everything. It took sharp wits on the part of their neighbors to answer them and to know what actions they were planning. Sometimes these neighbors would forget for a moment that *Wetigo-Kanuk* never spoke the truth and would be trapped into acting on a piece of misinformation.

The leader of the group now said to Roselle:

"Knowing that you are not a paleface but a Cree and have lived here all your life, and are always laughing, I do not come here to talk to you, but, like the good woman I am, I stay at home to cook."

When Roselle heard this big strapping warrior, named Yellow Buffalo, call himself "a good woman" she burst out laughing. Yellow Buffalo squatted on the beach and his companions followed suit.

"Why do you cry?" he asked. "I do not like to see an aged Medicine Man like you stain his beard with salt."

"Te-he-he," Roselle giggled.

"Well, I suppose you are weeping because they are getting ready to take your name away from you, so that you will go nameless all your life."

"Oh! It's bad luck to call anyone nameless!" Unripe Nut exclaimed.

"Poor little boy," said Yellow Buffalo. "You were born deaf and dumb and you cannot be proud because your father is nobody in particular. That is why you never say anything."

Unripe Nut tossed her head. She was often rebuked for being a terrible chatterbox, and it was quite true that she was inclined to put on airs because she was the Medicine Man's daughter.

"I am Unripe Nut," she said haughtily, as if to say that, in her, all things were becoming.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Hungry Squirrel," was the *Wetigo-Kanuk*'s gravely polite answer.

"To be sure," another of the group, named Black Crane, remarked, "unripe nuts mean lean and famished squirrels. Brother, I am pleased to see that this little boy does not look in the least offended."

"Of course not," Three Horns put in. "He has such a humble spirit. Besides being deaf and dumb, he hears nothing that we say."

"Oh! Oh! It is not true!" Unripe Nut was in a temper now. Roselle threw her arms around her.

"Don't mind them," she urged. "It is all fun. And," she added tactfully, "I myself never forget what a great man your father is and that you are his clever and beautiful daughter." At that, Unripe Nut embraced Roselle impetuously, for her heart was no less warm than her temper.

"It is a sad sight, brothers, when two ugly old men fall to beating one another," was Yellow Buffalo's comment on this scene.

"The *Wetigo-Kanuk* are always so. We must not mind them," said Unripe Nut. "Did I not tell you they came to

(Continued on page 44)



# From the Shores of the Baltic

IT IS already the third year that I am receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL. As I am a Guide, it always has been interesting for me to know what the Girl Scouts are doing in America. I do not think, therefore, I need to tell that I like your magazine very much and I am always so glad when a new number arrives.

I would like to tell you how I came about to know THE AMERICAN GIRL. In our troop of our Guides I belonged to, I was elected to be the flag bearer. In my duty I had to have a whistle. As I could not get any here which would satisfy me, an idea came into my head to write to my sister in America to get a whistle for me there. After one or two months, indeed, I received a whistle, and a very beautiful one. It bore the sign of the American Girl Scouts. I was very proud of it and always wore it with me. At the same time I received a magazine which came from America, too. It was THE AMERICAN GIRL. My sister subscribed it for me and I have been receiving it since. From it I knew how the Girl Scouts look and what they are doing. In some things they seemed to be very much like our Guides here, but many things looked to me different. My sister sent me also your book, *Scouting For Girls*, which was so interesting to read to know the customs of the Girl Scouts.

I like everything in your magazine, but the best I like the news about the Girl Scouts' life and the photographs from your camps. I have looked the copies through with my friends when we were together at our troop gatherings. My sister always told me that I should write to you about our Latvian Guides. I wished to do it many times and I am very sorry that I have not written to you yet. Last year I was in the last class of the school and I had so very much to study that I had no leisure time at all. It is also so difficult for me to write in English. This is the reason why I never wrote to THE AMERICAN GIRL. Last spring I have finished the intermediate school and this autumn I entered the institute of the English language. I hope this will help me to know English much better.

Before telling THE AMERICAN GIRL about the Guides in Latvia, I wonder if she would like to know about our country itself.

Riga, the city where I live, is the capital of Latvia, and Latvia is a republic situated on the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea. It is one of the new states in Europe that arose

*The Girl Guides of Latvia who celebrate their sixth birthday in our international month send greetings*

By OLGA ALKONE

*A Girl Guide in Riga, Latvia*



Olga Alkone (at the left) and two of her friends

twenty-five thousand square miles and the population about two millions. Though our state is very young, our Latvian people is very old. We have learned at school that Latvians lived in tribes on the eastern shore of the Baltic for about two thousand years or more. Latvians are akin to Lithuanians and, as historians say, their languages, of all the living languages, are most like to the Sanskrit, the old mother tongue of the Indo-European peoples.

It is since 1921 that we have Guides in Latvia. Mr. Robert Valdman brought this idea here. He was at the head of Guide and Scout troops abroad, where he received many distinctions. In this way he had the right to lead Guide troops and receive oath of Guides. Mr. and Mrs. Vilks are the founders of the Guide organization here. March 20, 1921 is the birthday of Guides in Latvia. On this day the three first Guides were registered. At the beginning they went to training together with Scouts. On March 15, 1922, the statutes of the newly formed Guides were passed by the court of Latvia, and since that time the Latvian Guides became a legal organization. At that time there were about five Guide troops with one hundred Guides. After this, a solemn ceremony of the reception of the Guides' flag was held. The parade of the Guides took place on the square. This was a great occasion for us. The parade was received by the President of the Guides, Mrs. Vilks, in the presence of the President of our Republic, Mr. Chakste, and several of our high officials.

The organization of our Guides is the same as in all other countries, I suppose. Every eight Guides form a patrol which has its leader and its corporal. Every four patrols form a troop which is led by a captain with her assistant. The Guide captains in Latvia should not be younger than twenty-one. The different troops of Guides

(Continued on page 49)

since the Great War. Before the war it was a part of Russia. Latvia proclaimed its independence on November 18, 1918, and since that time November eighteenth is celebrated as the Independence Day of Latvia. I have read that the Independence Day of the United States of America is July fourth, and that last year the United States became 150 years old. The other republics on the Baltic Sea that became independent with the fall of the Russian Empire are: Finland, Estonia, and Lithuania. Our country is not large — the area of it is about

# Here and There and Everywhere

*Wherever Girl Scouts gather, there is sure to be the fun of holiday parties and all-day picnics, of camping and of learning the skill of an outdoor cook*



*In Sofia, Bulgaria, a troop of Russian girls celebrated a festival by wearing their national costumes*



*Campers in Czecho-Slovakia constructed tents of straw walls roofed with canvas*



*"Everyone likes camping best of all," wrote a Girl Scout of Göteborg, Sweden*



*This Lone Australian Girl Guide rides far to post the fortnightly mail. Down in Jamaica, British West Indies, Girl Scouts of the Hallway Tree returned at sunset from an all-day picnic and "buggy ride"*



*Across mountains and plains and deserts and seas come letters from  
of hikes and games and recipes, of camping and badge work and some-*

### In the Transvaal, South Africa

*Girl Guides tramp over the veld for  
picnics beneath the rocky kopjes*

DEAR GIRL SCOUTS ABROAD: South Africa is a land of sun and wide spaces. A very pleasant aspect of Guiding is that since the sunshine is nearly perpetual in most parts, and so much garden and veld space exists, almost every meeting takes place in the open air. There are a few large towns hundreds of miles apart, but the rest of the people live in big villages or "dorps" and on farms or at mission stations. Life is very quiet in the dorps, sometimes dull, and it is in these little lonely centers that Guiding meets a real need.

An appealing case of that kind is at Maseru, the capital of Basutoland, where two little French girls, daughters of a

missionary working among the Basuto, walk or ride twelve miles every Saturday from their mountain home in order to attend their meeting. Before the company was formed, these girls, who are educated by their mother, never met any other children of their own color.

In Bechuanaland, another native territory, a patrol of Lone Guides traveled in a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen for two days to reach the railway so that they could see the Prince of Wales. They decorated their wagon and drew up at the siding. When the prince arrived, they presented him with an address.

Like the Guides of other lands, South African Guides love picnics better than anything else. They insist on starting early and love to tramp over the veld to one of the beauty spots that are hidden between the rocky kopjes. There must, of course, be a stream in which to paddle or bathe, and trees for a little shade from the sun. Even in mid-winter, 6,000 feet above sea level, the sun is hot while ice may be found in shady places. Great care has to be exercised in selecting a spot for the fire, as there are miles and miles of dry grass in winter, grass which burns fiercely before the wind.

I think Girl Scouts may be interested in learning that Guiding, with its message

of joyous usefulness, has been brought to a very sad place, the leper asylum in Basutoland, where little native lepers have been enrolled.

South African Guides have several beautiful hymns written for their country. Perhaps you will enjoy joining with us to sing the following:

"Look down, O Father, on our native land,  
Wild, untamed forests, wastes of burning  
sand,  
Kopjes that rear their lofty heads on high,  
Rivers that wait for storms that pass them  
by.

Give us a breadth of vision like our plains  
Where the deep silence of Thy Presence  
reigns;  
And, with the vision, give us strength to fight  
Through all our darkness upwards to Thy  
Light."

ELIZABETH McNEILLIE

### In Switzerland

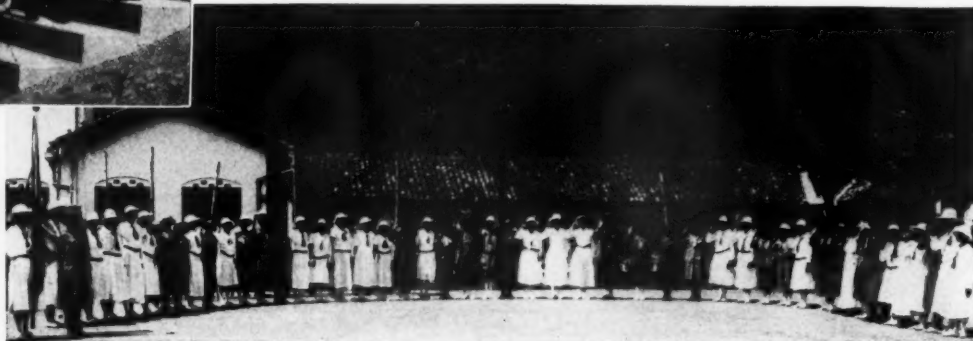
*The patrols choose "totems" and one  
Guide hopes for an international Girl  
Scout pin*

Your letter, Marguerite, has caused me a very great pleasure, like your picture which is very charming and pleas-



"Monte de In-  
anicon" Troop  
gave an international play in  
Las Vegas,  
New Mexico

Girl Scouts of  
four races  
camped together  
in far-away  
Ceylon







*Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in other lands, telling of good times together, times asking questions we smile over, as those girls must smile at ours*

# Mail Bag

*Decoration by  
Ilonka Karasz*

## In Brazil and Chile

*The Guides give a yearly play, and one girl lives in the farthest south town in the world*

ant. I see your face—it is the most important, isn't it! I am a stupid girl for I did not understand "bobbed hair." In German it is almost the same and in French "*cheveux coupés à la garçonne*." As you have seen in my picture, I have long hair, but in Lausanne, the bobbed hair is very general, like in America, I suppose.

Your Girl Scout pin is very pretty. Our Swiss pin has three logs, which are the three promises, then three flames, the sacred fire, and the Swiss cross. But I hope that some day we shall have the same Scout pin for the Girl Scouts of the World. Then everyone shall see that we are all sisters.

My Girl Scout section has no emblem, but the patrols have their "totems." That is, they choose the name of an animal, and this name is given to the chief from her physical characteristics. So I am called "Antelope" because I am strong at ball games and run swiftly. But you may ask me, "And the Kangaroo, what is the resemblance of the chief of patrol with that animal?" I must admit that there is no similarity, but the chief desired it, so she had it. . . .

MARCELLE LENNVALD

I will put your photograph in my album with joy!—Marcelle.



and by their glowing accounts of Girl Scout activities in the States.

Here in Brazil, under what is known as the British Association, although it embraces all nationalities, we have three Brownie Packs and a Guide Company in Rio, and a Pack and Company in Sao Paulo. The Sao Paulo Company is very wide awake and makes a specialty of picnics and hikes; in addition they are very much to the fore at bazaars and charity entertainments—no function in Sao Paulo, in fact, seems complete without them.

*(Continued on page 48)*

DEAR VIRGINIA: I am a Girl Guide in the first Viña Del Mar Company. Viña is a small village near Valparaiso, in Chile. It is very beautiful, and quite near it is a lovely beach. I have been in Viña for nearly two years now, at a boarding school.

My real home is in Punta Arenas, which, as you know, is the farthest south town in the world. I do not live in the town, but we have a large sheep farm about one hundred miles away from it. I only go home once a year, for the summer holidays, as it takes me nearly three weeks to get there.

I am very interested in the Girl Scouts and I want to learn all about them . . .

LESLIE STERLING

TO THE GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA, GREETINGS! We are all so very much pleased to hear that our sisters in America have heard of our doings, more especially as we have now with us three Girl Scouts who have put us completely to shame by the number of their badges



*High up in the Austrian Tyrol, German Girl Scouts with ropes and spiked shoes learn mountain climbing*

*Dutch Girl Scouts of the Amersfoort Division are "ready for dinner" under the trees*

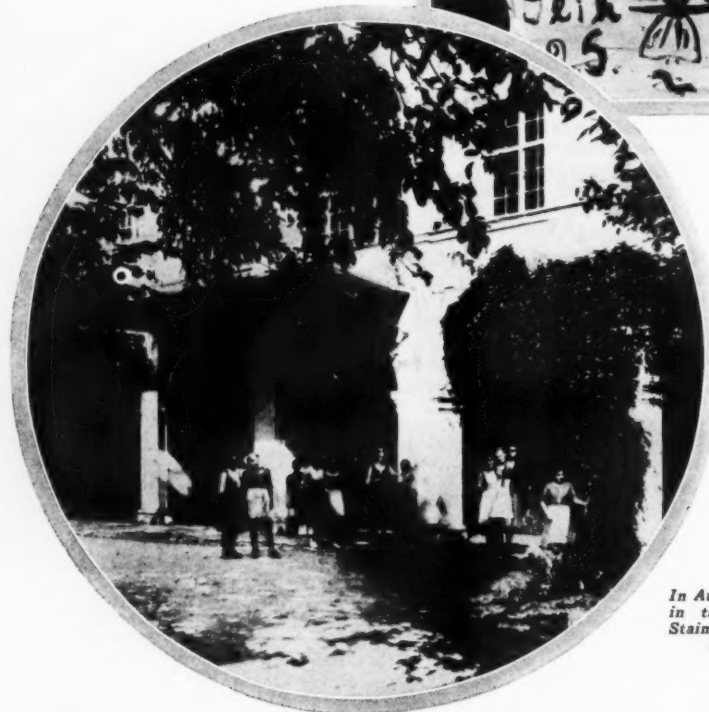
# Along the Trail of Fire



*America-bound, these leaders from Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Italy exhibit their national costumes*



*A candy sale is always fun, agree these Danish Girl Scouts who advertise their wares in amusing fashion*



*The Jaffna Tamils, as these Girl Guides in Ceylon are called, gave a water-pot drill with brass "chatties" during a pageant at an Island Rally*

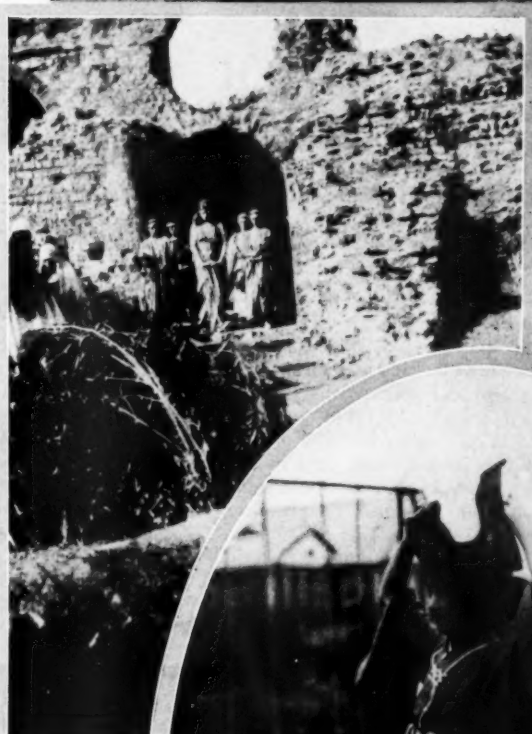
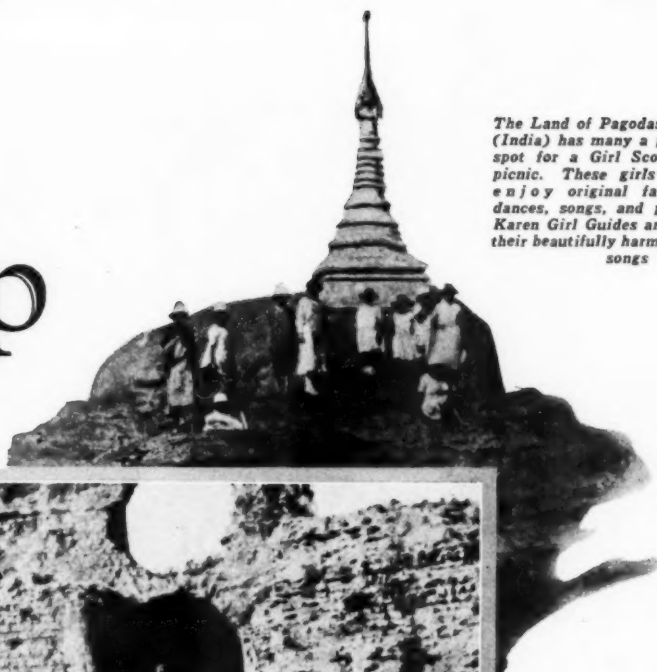
*In Austria, Girl Scouts "camped" in the magnificent old Castle Stainz, which provided a swimming pool and gardens*



# Friendship

and Friendship's Trail  
 leads far afield these  
 days, for Girl Scouts and  
 Girl Guides camp and  
 hike, give plays and hold  
 meetings in nearly every  
 land. Of course there  
 are differences—but  
 that's half the fun of  
 international friends!

The Land of Pagodas in Burma (India) has many a picturesque spot for a Girl Scout hike or picnic. These girls especially enjoy original fancy drills, dances, songs, and plays. The Karen Girl Guides are noted for their beautifully harmonized part songs



French Girl Scouts who camped at the castle of Saint Raphael presented the Greek play, "Edipus Rex"

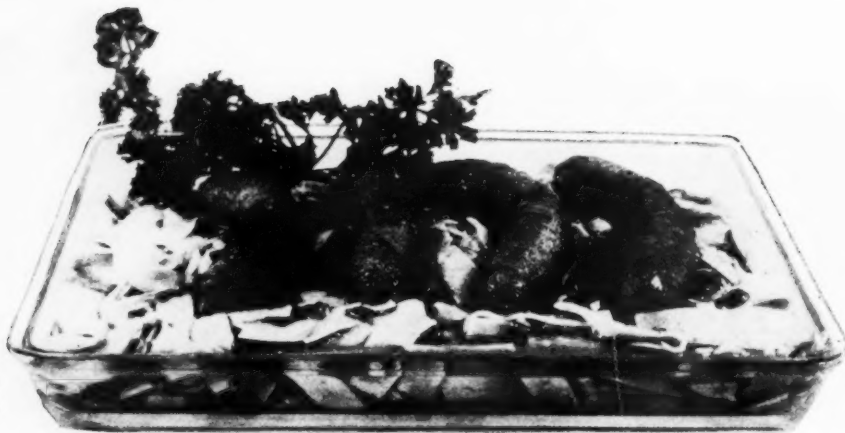


This Japanese Captain is teaching signalling to Girl Scouts in camp on the seashore





Toad-in-the-hole  
—browned,  
baked and ready  
to serve



An English dish  
that should  
bring good cheer  
everywhere

## All Aboard for a Cook's Tour

*With an enveloping apron for luggage, we march through the warm savory kitchens of the world, tasting of this and that, and exchanging the gracious greetings that go with hospitality*

I AM so glad that the Girl Scouts is an inter-national organization! For just as

soon as we get the point of view of looking at someone else, and trying to understand them, and perhaps sharing and enjoying their customs and ways—why, then we can't have prejudices or hatreds! If only all of us could make a trip 'round the world and step into a home, first in this nation and then in that, I can't believe that we would think this people "queer" or those other "foreign." So, since the Girl Scouts are to celebrate International Day this month, I thought I would take you for a trip around the world and give you a real "Cook's Tour!"

My first suggestion for celebrating a cordial exchange of hospitality between different nations is for an entire troop to decide on giving an international dinner. That is, let each member select and plan to cook at home a typical dish of each nation. For I mean this to be a home-prepared dinner, in which all the family may share in the international idea. I am sure that the mothers who get tired wondering what they shall have for dinner tonight will be delighted to sit down to a meal from merry England, from far-off India, or little-known Russia.

Shall we start on our International Cook's Tour? Here is a list of typical dishes from several countries.

English Toad-in-the-Hole  
French Pot-au-feu  
Italian Spaghetti  
Russian Stuffed Cabbage Rolls  
Indian Curry of Lamb and Rice

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

France has so many delicious dishes that it is difficult to select only one. But the pot-au-feu (pot on the fire) is a very substantial soup, ideal for cold weather, and practically an entire meal in a single dish. From Russia, I have selected a dish with which I became acquainted when I myself lived there. The Russians have wonderful and delicious dishes, even if they may taste queer at first. I have selected stuffed cabbage rolls because it, too, is a simple dish just as acceptable to our tables. In my home we have it quite frequently. What Girl Scout will take Russia?

Of course spaghetti is the most Italian dish we know, and I hope that you cook it with a sauce and serve it on a large platter and sprinkle grated cheese all over the top.

Going farther 'round the world, we come to India. Here we may enjoy a dish of meat and lentils, with boiled rice on the side. Who knows curry flavor? It is a mustard-colored powder with a taste all its own. Do not use too much!

Almost every dish mentioned or tasted in our trip around the world is what we call "a one-piece meal." That is, meat, vegetable, and gravy are prepared and often served together. The one-piece meal is very flavorful, all the food elements are saved and it can be made with the least expensive pieces of meat. That is why the Girl Scouts, who are such good cooks, will want to try a one-piece meal of some kind very often.

(Continued on page 50)



If you choose Russia—here is the stage set for cabbage rolls



Now and then, you hear boys say—

*"Oh, girls are all right, but they're not quite as fair and square as fellows."*

What girls are they talking about?

**C**ERTAINLY, they're not talking about the typical girl of today . . . for the girl of today is fair and square. Any boy who has watched girls taking part in games knows that. Modern girls care as much for good sportsmanship as boys do. They play by the rules and they don't take advantage of an opponent.

Sometimes, in a game of hockey or basket-ball, it's difficult to remember the rules of fair play . . . but you do it just the same. You wouldn't think of *not* playing fair. It's the only thing worth doing in any game.

How about playing fair with *yourself*? Did you ever stop and think about that? It's every bit as important as playing fair with others.

Do you play fair with yourself—in the matter of health, for instance? Do you give yourself the chance you should have—do you live according to the rules of health?

The rules of health are much simpler than the rules of the games you play . . . you'll find them easy to remember. Fresh air and exercise; plenty of sleep; good, wholesome food and—*no artificial stimulants!*

A specially important rule for you to remember—*no artificial stimulants!* Artificial stimulants—like tea and coffee, for instance—don't belong in a healthful diet. *You can't drink coffee and play fair with yourself!*

Did you know that the average cup of coffee contains from 1½ to 3 grains of caffeine? Caffeine is a drug-stimulant. Caffeine often causes days of "feeling tired" . . . nervous-

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**P**ostum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

ness and headaches. So avoid those drinks which contain caffeine.

But you want and need a hot drink at mealtime. There's no reason why you shouldn't have it. Postum is just the drink for you! Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted, with a little sweetening. You'll enjoy the delicious flavor—the wholesomeness of Postum!

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## When Olave Baden-Powell Was a Girl

(Continued from page 17)

of a good little Guide and knitted a comforter for one of the keepers on her father's estate. She was at this time eight years old and had her hair cut short like a boy's. Proud of her handiwork, she carried it out and formally presented it to the old man.

"And what did he say?"—asked her family.

"Oh, he said, 'Thank you, my little man,'" said Olave.

"And what did you say to that?"

"Oh," replied Olave grandly, "I didn't undeceive him as I thought it might hurt his feelings!"

In 1897 the family moved again to Bryerswood, a charming house with a most wonderful view overlooking the Lake at Windermere. Here, with her sister and governess, she led a real "guide-y" life in the open air, learning much about nature, while carrying on her ordinary lessons with her governess. The three of them would take their lesson books and food out on to the moors even in winter time, and after the morning's work would have their picnic meal and then learn to sing folk-songs in the open air until the sun went down.

London, where the Soames' next made their home, did not suit the rather delicate child, who missed the fresh freedom of the country, and while at St. James's Place she had two rather severe illnesses, first whooping-cough and then diphtheria. So London was abandoned in favor of Devonshire and at the age of nine Olave found herself at Pixton Park, Dulverton—her sixth home in nine years.

Later at Cranborne Manor, Dorset, poultry keeping became a real "business" concern in the hands of Olave and her sister and governess. Of her many homes Cranborne was in some ways the most beautiful. Dating from the time of Athelstane, it had been a hunting box of King John when he chased the wily deer on Cranborne Chase.

At Cranborne, with its wonderful old garden and smooth green lawns, bowling-alleys, tennis and croquet grounds, Olave first began to take a real interest in outdoor games. She began tennis and also learned to ride Peggy. Here, too, she had pets in abundance, besides the hens and chickens. All had names of their own of a more or less suitable character—I say "more or less" because Napoleon in the dove-cot turned out one day to be the wife of Abraham of the same address!

It was at this time, on her first trip abroad to the Riviera, that Olave began to play the violin and, showing a real talent for it, studied under Herr Graaf. She kept up her fiddling until the more onerous duties of Chief Guide made time for practise impossible to find. Then, instead of letting her beautiful fiddle be idle, she gave it to the British Guides as a prize for skill in this direction.

At the age of twelve and a half, (two years earlier than the British elementary school girl leaves school) Olave's educa-

tion was pronounced by her parents to be complete. I use "education" in its narrow sense of book-learning. Her father and mother would not hear of her going to school, for her sister was growing up apace and they wanted still to have a girl about the house.

There is no doubt, however, that the education gained in her home, through the contact and companionship of cultured parents and their unconscious influence upon her tastes and plans, was one which chanced to be singularly well chosen for fitting her for her future life. Also, the uninterrupted regime of outdoor sport and games, picnics, bicycling and driving and riding, brought color to her cheeks and vigor to her limbs at a time when these were most needed.

At Purley Hall, near Pangbourne, in Berkshire, she learned on the river to swim and to row, two Guide-like activities which might conceivably in those days have been omitted from the ordinary girls' school curriculum. She also began there her real love and devotion for horses and riding, through being given a horse of her own, Tompy, for whose care and well-being she alone was responsible.

She owns that she never had the slightest affection for books and that she has found this a drawback in after life when circumstances have made it imperative for her not only to read books but to edit and write them. She wishes today that she had not given up her "book learning" when she did.

Her interests, however, always centered in doing rather than thinking or reading. Any sort of handiwork, housework, gardening, games, rowing and boat-handling, riding, driving, or walking—these, for her, all came before ordinary indoor pursuits.

At Luscombe Castle, Dawlish, Devonshire, her first real *sea-side* home, Olave perfected her swimming and water pursuits and practised on her violin (or was supposed to practise, as she confesses) for five hours daily. The next home was at Cullompton, Devonshire, and in 1904 the family moved again to Bradfield, Berkshire, where Olave "came out" at a large ball, which she did not enjoy at all, being exceedingly shy with strangers, and taking little or no pleasure in dancing.

At Hardwick, in Suffolk, in the hard winter of 1907, she learned to skate. Here also she hunted regularly, risking her neck several times a week on a dangerous hunter which had been lent to her. Perhaps it was to preserve her life that the family moved again so soon, this time to a house at Parkstone, in Dorset, Grey Rigg by name.

From this house the future wife of the Chief Scout looked down on the Island of Brownsea, where a year earlier Scouting for boys had taken definite shape.

At this period of her life (1908) the Scout Movement was in its infancy and Guiding unheard of, so that she had not the urgent calls to service such as come to every girl of leisure today. But while

at Bournemouth she "showed willing" by teaching little boys in a home for invalid children once a week, at the instigation of Mrs. Manser, the present Guide Commissioner for Bournemouth.

In the autumn of 1911, Mr. Soames went to Jamaica and took Olave with him as his companion. On board the *Arcadian* they met General Baden-Powell who was on his world tour of Scout inspection.

Olave wrote to her mother, "The only interesting person on this ship is General Baden-Powell, the Scout man." Although this was their first actual meeting, the Chief Scout already knew her by sight, for his mother's home in Princes Gate was quite near that in which the Soames had spent the previous winter, and he had often admired the slim girl taking her daily stroll in the Park.

In October, 1912, there was a quiet wedding at Parkstone and Olave left the last home of her childhood to become the wife of the Chief Scout. The first few years of her married life were spent in home-making for her husband, and caring for her three children Peter, Heather, and Betty. But as the Guide Movement came into being and began to assume larger proportions than the Chief Scout had ever anticipated, he naturally turned to his wife for help.

From their home at Ewhurst, in Sussex, Lady Baden-Powell first took over the organization of that county, and worked hard to make it a really efficiently organized area under its Division and District Commissioners. She did not spare herself either in typing letters or in running round in "Jimmy," the little car.

In the autumn of 1916, at a Conference of Guide Commissioners, Lady Baden-Powell was unanimously appointed Chief Commissioner of the Girl Guides and her appointment as Chief Guide followed a year later, thus bringing together the Boy Scouts, under Sir Robert Baden-Powell as Chief Scout, and the Girl Guides, under Lady Baden-Powell. Each is independent under its own head, but both work, like the two heads, in mutual sympathy.

From this story of the Chief Guide's girlhood, you can see that she had no "specialized" training for her future position, and she herself considers that her education was sadly neglected and was lacking in many essentials.

But a system can only be judged by its results, and the happy, healthy, home-y upbringing of the Chief Guide proves to have fitted her remarkably well for a sphere in which, in her wildest young dreams, she could never have pictured herself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: When Lady Baden-Powell was in the United States last Spring we asked her to write the story of her girlhood for our *International Number*. But with her own daughters and all the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, her days are crowded full, so a dear friend who had known her years wrote this charming story for us.

Margaret Culkin Banning's "Prep School" in April—



## Juliette Low

(Continued from page 7)

surely find if you search through the pages of the Old Testament, "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear." These words are one and the same after all, and both belong to the Girl Scout.

The Girl Scout "goes forward to find the way" and to bring back news of the land along the trail which she has blazed. Always the Girl Scout goes on before—always she "hearkens" to the message.

You can see how Mrs. Low fulfilled the meaning of the Scout name, listening always for any good news for the Girl Scout, thinking always of the deep meaning of the qualities which Girl Scouting is bound to develop in all our Girl Scouts—truth, honor, loyalty, kindness, obedience, courtesy, good-will.

It is good for us all that Mrs. Low had her home in two continents. She loved to spend the winter in her beautiful southern home in Savannah, a stately house which has known unbounded hospitality from its earliest days, as only southern homes can know it. To share with others and to open her doors wide to all of her friends was as natural as breathing to Juliette Low.

And well for us it was that her summers were spent in London, in the heart of the mother-country that has given so much to America. There her friends were numbered by hundreds and all Europe was near. As our own representative of the Girl Scout movement and as Chairman of our International Committee, she worked always for the strengthening of the bond that holds the world circle together. We think she has had her own great share in bringing to this earth of ours the peace and good will for which we pray.

From Savannah to London and from London to Savannah meant always the journey by sea. We had greatly longed for Mrs. Low's return this year. Her letters had been filled with plans for you all, and we welcomed news concerning the Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in other lands. She had planned to come earlier in the fall and we had hoped to hear more fully of all that had happened since she left us in the spring. But the return was a sad journey, though a brave one. She knew it would be her last voyage, and her most earnest desire was still to add to the great work which she had already done.

We have loved to call our Girl Scout activities "an adventure in comradeship." The phrase is becoming dear to us. It is an adventure—with all the hope and faith, with all the high-heartedness and happy ongoing that belongs to blazing trails in a new country.

Life itself is often called "the great adventure." Perhaps it is because Life means always the blazing of trails and the following of untrodden paths.

But "the great adventure," another has said, is the passing through that open door which we call Death. I wish I knew how to tell you of the sweetness, the strength, the courage, the comfort, the assurance with which our beloved friend,

facing forward, came to that threshold. I should tell you not with sorrow, but with great rejoicing—for her heart rested in the assurance that "the great adventure" was before her.

All her life she had been a gallant soldier, never failing to follow her chosen path, however rough the road or however steep the hills. Without faltering, without complaint, and always with eagerness and joy she followed the trail.

Her eagerness to serve others held her energies to the very gates of death. Loyal, courageous, and with good cheer she set forth upon "the great adventure." With a quiet heart she passed into the Beyond, rejoicing to the end in the love and allegiance of the young hearts whom she had so devotedly served.

As the Girl Scout movement goes on and grows, we shall learn to see more and more clearly the vision that our beloved Founder saw. We shall share her eagerness as well as her vision, her courage and strength and faith as well as her unflinching love. Let us hope that the spirit of Juliette Low may abide with us as we, like her, face forward and follow the trail.

The officers and Executive Committee of the National Girl Scouts passed the following minute at a special meeting held on January 18, 1927 at National Headquarters:

The Executive Committee of the Girl Scouts of the United States have learned with deep sorrow and regret of the death of Juliette Low on Monday, January 17th, at her home in Savannah. Mrs. Low was the first president and the Founder of the Girl Scout movement in the United States. Through her realization of what the movement gave to girls she was impelled to devote her life to establishing it in this country. Through her consecrated effort, others were inspired to help her and she had the satisfaction of seeing the Girl Scouts grow from the original troop established in Savannah in 1912, to 5250 troops scattered through every state in the Union, with a membership of 140,000.

Because she was aware of the influence which such an international organization of young people might have in increasing goodwill and understanding among nations, she brought about the international meeting in this country in May, 1926, of representatives from 39 nations, to which the movement had spread.

In her death the nation loses a citizen who gave noble leadership to the girls of her country. The Girl Scout movement loses a creative and far-seeing leader, and her friends lose a wise counselor and a never-failing inspiration.

We send our heartfelt sympathy to the members of Mrs. Low's family in the name of the Girl Scouts who have lost their most understanding friend.

We direct that this minute shall be put into the records of the organization and published in the magazine of the Girl Scouts.

Sarah Louise Arnold, *President*  
January 18, 1927

Learn the extra help of Fels-Naptha now! Some day, when you have a little home of your own, you'll be glad you know about this way to save work.

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About a game girl who didn't go

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## Noashak's Growing Up

(Continued from page 13)

since Noashak could walk two or three times as fast as we were traveling, she might run ahead now and then a half mile or so and pick out a snow bank to scramble up and slide down until we caught up to her. This seemed to them quite a good idea and they proposed it to their dear daughter, who quickly vetoed it by the simple remark that she preferred to ride on the sledge when it was running, for that was fun, too.

As I said, I was a good deal annoyed, for I did not as yet quite understand the Eskimo point of view. But I knew enough to conceal my annoyance, for I did understand that Ilavinirk's family would stop working for me whenever I decided that Noashak could not have her own way in anything she wanted. It was only two years later that I came to realize how thoroughly logical they were, according to their viewpoint.

I had often heard Mamayauk speak to her daughter Noashak as "mother" and one day I asked her why she did it. She replied: "Simply because she is my mother."

By that time I had acquired the Eskimo tongue and could converse freely. You never can really get the native point of view until you can talk their language.

Mamayauk now explained that Noashak was under the control of two souls, one that she had been born with and which had been as foolish and feeble as the child itself, the other the soul of Mamayauk's mother which had been summoned to take possession of the newborn baby. That was why she called the child mother; she was addressing the guardian soul that heard her through the ears of the child.

Since the old soul was wise and the newborn soul foolish, it was perfectly natural that the mother soul, or guardian soul, should do all the thinking for the child. Mamayauk's mother had been wiser than Mamayauk even before she died, and after her death she was, of course, twice as wise. And it seemed obvious, therefore, to the Eskimos that the little child knew much better what was good for it and what ought to be done than any living grown person. That was why every whim of Noashak's was obeyed. What she wanted might sound foolish to us but, from the point of view of the higher wisdom, it was in reality more sensible than any of us could understand.

But, said Mamayauk, Noashak's own soul that she had been born with was growing up rapidly, along with Noashak's body, and was now almost wise enough to take charge. When the new soul became completely wise enough, the old soul would leave, giving over Noashak to her own control, as it were. At that time it would become proper, and in fact necessary, to instruct Noashak in what to do. So that the same child who had been an autocrat at three would be treated at thirteen much as we treat boys and girls of thirteen.

It gave me a certain satisfaction to be present and more or less concerned when

Noashak's guardian spirit left her and she began to be instructed and punished. This involved tobacco chewing. Tobacco chewing was forbidden, and therefore it seemed to her very clever to chew. She could have done this openly, but it was a much better game to chew in secret and then allow people to discover tobacco stains on her lips or teeth.

Noashak was now eleven or twelve. One day the parents came to me, asking whether I did not consider that Noashak's own soul was now developed enough so it would be all right for the guardian soul to leave her. The point was that they would then be able to stop her tobacco chewing. After several consultations, we decided that probably it would be all right to assume that Noashak's soul was now competent to take charge of her.

Following the decision, Ilavinirk watched for signs of tobacco chewing. One day he missed a plug which he had carefully hidden, and later detected tobacco stains on Noashak's lips. He asked whether his darling daughter did not think it advisable not to chew. But she replied curtly that she did not care what anyone else thought or did—she liked to chew.

Next, Ilavinirk explained to Noashak that she was growing up now and had come to the age when children are punished if they do not do as they are told. Had she been an ordinary Eskimo girl, I think she would have understood this, having noticed other girls had either been punished or had gradually given up their dictatorial powers over their parents. Noashak, however, was not obedient. She had been monarch of all she surveyed so long that she just gave a toss of her head, whereupon her stepfather slapped her.

I have never seen anyone so surprised. At first there seemed no room in her mind for anything but astonishment and she stared uncomprehending. But when Ilavinirk told her he would slap her again if she did not stop chewing, she finally got the idea and began screaming at the top of her lungs, and kicking.

This was a difficult trial for the mother and stepfather who were both extremely fond of Noashak, but they had evidently talked it out in advance and were careful not to appear to pay attention.

It must have been hours that Noashak continued her crying, sometimes stopping from mere tiredness, then starting again when she saw anybody looking at her. But toward the end of the day she had apparently reconciled herself to the new situation. Thereafter she never stole tobacco, never chewed, and developed rapidly into a very obedient girl.

So far as I remember, this was the only time in Noashak's life that she was punished.

Noashak married as soon as she wanted to, at fourteen, for Mackenzie River Eskimo girls marry about four years earlier than ours. Now she has a daughter of her own, just as charming from the Eskimo point of view as is any American child from our point of view.

## Aki's Left Hand

(Continued from page 11)

After that, every night, she carefully nursed the little green sprigs that were pushing farther upward each day. Sometimes she climbed up and down three or four times a night, carrying on the top of her head a folded towel saturated with water, which she squeezed over the thirsty plants. Sometimes the twisted hand would ache with weariness.

The old grandmother, busy beneath the wide-eaved hut, never once saw the swaying plants above the roof, but Aki never stepped outside the door that she did not look up with a quickly beating heart at the slender stalks.

There came a week of steady rain when Aki was sick with a heavy cold. Day after day she lay on her cushions and looked out at the dreary sky. Then came a long day of bright, warm sunshine. That night while the full moon flooded all the world with light, Aki slipped from her bed and weakly climbed to the roof. No sooner did she lift her head above the thick eaves than she saw a sight that filled her heart with awe. All the roof-ridge was a splendor of golden lilies nodding in the moonlight, exactly like the floating lilies of her dream—lilies on the roof, obeying the order of the stern *daimio*, wasting not one inch of ground!

She could scarcely believe her eyes. Could it be possible that this sudden glory was only another dream? Leaning forward, she clumsily reached forth the crippled hand and touched one of the golden petals. It was thick and soft and genuine.

Of the rest of Aki's life there is no record, but of course happiness came once more into the little thatched cottage. We know that the banner was finished, for there hangs today, among the votive offerings before the village shrine, a stained and yellowed banner bearing a sheaf of tiger lilies. The gold of the blossoms is dim and brown, but the spots on the faded petals are still soft and deep with the velvety black whose art is again lost.

That was two hundred years ago, but the Japanese have loyal hearts, and every year, on a certain moonlight night in June, all the villagers plant lily bulbs on their roofs in memory of the patient work of Aki's crippled hand.



This illustration is the work of Chiyono Sugimoto, the young daughter of the writer of this charming story. She, too, is a Girl Scout, who hopes to become a great artist some day, or perhaps a writer like her mother.

## "Runs in the Family"



"How's the rheumatiz today, Joe?"

"Pretty bad—but got to expect it—runs in the family."

"Mine, too. Father had it before me."

FOR centuries all sorts of pains and aches have been charged to rheumatism. Authorities now agree that the term "rheumatism" should be discarded and that "rheumatic diseases" should be separated into two main divisions. In the first and more important division is placed Acute Rheumatic Fever. In the second Chronic Arthritis.

Acute Rheumatic Fever is an infectious disease caused by a germ which can be passed from person to person as the germs of other diseases are transferred. Most attacks come between the ages of five and fifteen.

The danger from acute rheumatic fever is that the germs may attack the heart. A noted physician reports that not less than 40% of the persons who suffer from rheumatic fever develop chronic heart disease. Eight out of ten cases of heart disease in childhood are the result of rheumatic infection.

The germ of acute rheumatic fever probably enters the body through the mouth or nose and may pass through diseased tonsils, infected sinuses or teeth direct into the blood, and so to the heart.

Children often have rheumatic infection which passes unrecognized. St. Vitus' Dance is one indication. "Growing pains" another. Frequent attacks of tonsilitis may be a source of rheumatic infection. Protect your children. Have their throats, noses and mouths examined twice a year so that any possible condition which threatens acute rheumatic fever may be corrected.

While acute rheumatic fever is caused only by a germ, chronic arthritis may come from injury to a joint, faulty posture, improper diet, the poisons from infectious diseases, germs from diseased tonsils, teeth, gall bladder, appendix or intestines.

Unless effective measures are taken to check the disease, chronic arthritis may progress to a state in which the victim is crippled and deformed. At the first signs of arthritis—stiff neck, lumbago, stiffness or creaking of the joints—have an expert search for the source of the trouble.

Rheumatic fever is the greatest known menace to the health of the heart, and heart disease causes more deaths every year in the United States than any other disease.

In a study lasting more than a year and covering 571,000 workers of both sexes and all ages, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company learned that of all the diseases causing loss of time from work "rheumatic diseases" head the list.

A survey conducted in England showed that among 91,000 working people of

all ages and of both sexes, no less than one-sixth of the total "sick absences" during a year was due to "rheumatic diseases". And this was exclusive of loss of time due to heart disease developing from rheumatic fever that had occurred during the childhood or youth of these workers.

Send for our booklet "Rheumatic Diseases". It will be mailed free and may be the means of saving you and your family much unnecessary suffering.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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## Roselle of the North

(Continued from page 31)

make us laugh on this your name feast?"

"Since the Crees are fasting today and you are not to receive a name, we do not offer you good wishes," Three Horns said.

"No," Yellow Buffalo agreed. "And since there is no feast and we have no preparations to make, and since we are very old and rheumatic women, we will now lie down on the beach and solemnly go to sleep."

This was the signal for the Wetigo-Kanuk to depart. They all rose at once and pranced off to the village with such absurd steps and gestures that Roselle and Unripe Nut rocked with laughter.

"Do they *never* say what they mean?" Roselle asked. "Suppose they saw enemies coming—Sioux or Piegans?"

"It would be the same. They would rush up and say, 'We have seen no Sioux!' They are compelled to speak the opposite by their guardian spirits, who are all the laughing and mocking and mischievous spirits in the unseen world. Always they wish to have something funny to laugh at, and I suppose the other spirits they know, such as the good and the evil spirits, are not so very amusing. Nor is the Thunder-Bird. So they must laugh at the Crees by causing us to have ridiculous accidents constantly. Long ago, some wise young men discovered this and formed the secret society of the Wetigo-Kanuk, in order to give the mischievous spirits enough to laugh at. So all Crees honor the Wetigo-Kanuk, who save us from nearly all the ridiculous accidents which would otherwise happen."

At that moment Roselle heard the voice of Sikawa calling her. She jumped up, and, with Unripe Nut, raced back to camp. Here they found the women and children, all gaily painted and decked with little branches and feathers, drawn up in a circle. The warriors formed another circle about them. Sikawa took Roselle's hand and led her to Kaska who, in turn, led her to the group of four wise old men standing in the center of the inner circle. After a long and eloquent oration by Loud Thunder, Kaska was permitted to put the question:

"By what name have the spirits called my daughter?"

Roselle's pulses quickened with apprehension. She was so afraid that she would be called all her life by some animal's teeth, hind legs or habits, which would be ugly, or by some silly name like her friend Unripe Nut. Plenty Deer, being the oldest of the aged men, spoke first.

"Many names came to our lips as we consulted together. First, Jumping Salmon spoke a good name."

"Yes," said Jumping Salmon, "I said, the new daughter of the brave Kaska has red hair which falls like the petals of a flower opening. So I spoke the name, Wild Rose."

"Then," Plenty Deer continued, "Beaver Teeth spoke a good name."

"Because the new daughter of the brave Kaska has red hair which grows in little clusters, I spoke the name, Sal-

mon Roe." At that poor Roselle's heart almost missed a beat.

"These were both good names," Plenty Deer continued, "but White Cloud spoke a name also."

"I spoke the name of Painted Head," said White Cloud tersely. This old man was noted for never wasting words.

"Then I myself spoke a name, thinking of the clear eyes of Kaska's new daughter, Sparkling Water."

"All these names," said Loud Thunder, "did I take home with me to dream upon four nights, fasting and calling on the spirits. I was much perplexed, for all were good names, yet the spirits would not choose one of them. Then I told the spirits that, if they already knew the true name of Kaska's daughter, they must declare it to me, for my mind was in darkness. Whereupon came a very potent spirit in the form of a red bird having a body shaped like a heart. And the Spirit said, 'Loud Thunder, you and the four counsellors have looked only on the hair and the eyes of this maiden, and you have thought of her only as if she were a Cree come naturally to live in Kaska's tent. Yet she did not come by birth to Kaska and Sikawa. She came strangely, on the wings of a great wind. Look on her heart. Her heart is always dreaming of wings, wherewith to fly upon the sky and bring good to her people. She came to us strangely, and, who knows, some day she may go strangely. For not lightning, not midwinter cold, not even death can stop the strange flight of the flying heart.' And the Spirit said again three times, 'Have you heard the name, Loud Thunder?' And I answered, 'I have heard it.' So now I give to the new daughter of Kaska her new name. All good be with you, Flying Heart."

"Flying Heart! Flying Heart!" The Crees began to dance, chanting Roselle's new name. She stood quite still, flushed and exultant. A tremendous courage welled up in her, and all her dreams of flying came back. Yes! Some day she would fly the great shining round of the sky, she would pursue the evil bat to its last lair and destroy it. Then the whole world would be happy! In this mood, a thought came to her stingingly. Perhaps Dark Fontaine was not dead.

"I am Flying Heart," she whispered to herself, "and one day I shall fly low under the bright sky and I shall find Dark Fontaine."

"I hope you like your name, Flying Heart," Unripe Nut had slipped up to her and taken her hand. Roselle nodded. "Yes, I see you do," her friend went on, "because there are more red roses in your face and your eyes are like a bright brook running by rose bushes. I felt sure that Flying Heart would be your name, because I heard my mother, who is a very wise woman, telling my father all that he heard afterwards from the red bird-spirit. That often happens, I have noticed. But you must not tell any one I said so, or my mother will whip me. She is a very modest woman, as well as wise, and she would feel disgraced if any

one said that she knew these things or that my father, the terrible and mighty Loud Thunder, would allow her to discuss such matters."

### CHAPTER IV

#### Evil Island

That evening there were great celebrations in honor of what we would call Roselle's "christening." Tataka, a young man who was a poet, made a special song in Roselle's honor and chanted it to the assemblage in the big wigwam that served as a club house.

Tataka made them all understand that he was picturing Roselle as a brave and tender spirit and saying, too, that courageous love was swifter than all else and could even leave the night behind it—soaring always in light. His actual words were very simple.

"Where your heart flies,  
Flying Heart—  
Hawk is not so swift,  
Wind turns back, arrow falls;  
Night goes slow, slow on the trail,  
Where your heart flies,  
Flying Heart."

Roselle's eyes stung with tears when she heard Tataka's song, because it pleased her so much.

"I hope Tataka will one day think of making a song for me," said Unripe Nut. "I am sure that the Night Singers will sing yours all night long."

"Who are the Night Singers?" Roselle asked.

"Oh, that is so," Unripe Nut nodded. "You have not yet heard them because this is our first festivity since you came. They are young warriors with strong voices and wild spirits who ride around the camp through the night, singing."

"Oh! how lovely!" Roselle exclaimed. Unripe Nut puckered her mouth demurely and looked very wise.

"Yes, Flying Heart, their singing is beautiful. But often they behave very badly and give the guardians a great deal of trouble."

Roselle knew who the guardians were—the police who patrolled the sleeping camp not only to keep watch against the secret coming of Sioux or Blackfeet foes but to put a stop to domestic quarrels and to the frequent fights among the younger warriors who liked to sneak out of the tents, where they were supposed to be soundly sleeping, and challenge one another. Sometimes these young warriors wrestled, but often they fought with knives, and nearly always someone was badly injured, if not killed.

"Do the Night Singers fight?" Roselle asked.

"No, not generally, unless some one attacks them. They do far worse," Unripe Nut glanced about her and then lowered her voice to a hoarse whisper. "They have such magic in their voices, especially when they sing love songs, that they lure some women from the tents, even maids not yet promised in marriage! Would you believe women could be so immodest? Though every one understands, of course, that it is due to an evil

(Continued on page 46)



Singer Free Instruction  
will help you win  
your Dressmaker's Badge

*As every Girl Scout knows,  
one of the qualifications for  
this badge is to be able to  
clean, oil and run a sewing  
machine. An expert in-  
structor at any Singer Shop  
will be glad to give you just  
the help you need.*

## Every Girl Scout HEADQUARTERS can now be Sewing Headquarters

**T**HERE IS some real news for Girl Scouts everywhere who want to learn to make their own clothes. It also brings you a plan by which you can win the Dressmaker's Badge.

For several years the Singer Sewing Machine Company, through its educational department, has been cooperating with schools and colleges in their sewing programs. Now this service is to be extended to Girl Scout Troops. It will be provided in each instance in a way that exactly fits your circumstances and your needs.

Any individual Girl Scout can go to any Singer Shop anywhere in the world and receive *free* instruction in the proper care and use of a sewing machine. Or Girl Scouts may arrange to go to

the Shop in groups. Or, arrangements will be made for a special teacher to visit Girl Scout Headquarters and give instruction there.

This service is furnished without any cost or obligation whatever. It is provided solely to cooperate in the splendid plan of the Girl Scout organization to encourage Girl Scouts to sew, and to make possible in the home, through the Girl Scouts, a more understanding and profitable use of the modern sewing machine.

Should you desire to secure for your troop headquarters a sewing machine of your own, it may be had at a substantial special discount from regular prices. But the service is in no sense dependent upon the purchase of such equipment.

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This remarkable book is a practical sewing guide that shows by clear directions and wonderful pictures how to apply bindings, sew on lace, make hems, tucks, ruffles, plaits, how to save time in a hundred ways with a sewing machine. We shall be glad to furnish free to any troop leader, enough copies so that each girl may have one. Ask for them at any Singer Shop or simply send the coupon.

# SINGER

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Would you like to have special prices on a  
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Troop?

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WHEREVER one goes in the daily round of engagements, it is necessary to have Venus Traveling Package in one's purse or bag. There are three Sanitary Napkins, unbelievably compressed into its tiny size, and each one is of regular Venus quality and shakes out to downy full size assuring luxuriant comfort.

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*If your favorite store does not sell Venus products, send us a postcard with their name and address*

VENUS CORPORATION

1170 Broadway, New York

## Roselle of the North

(Continued from page 44)

charm worked by beautiful singing in the dark. Still, what is to prevent a modest girl from drawing her blanket up over her ears?"

"I shan't," Roselle affirmed. "Do you draw yours over your ears, Unripe Nut?"

"To be honest with you, Flying Heart, no, I don't. In fact, I don't know any girl who does."

"What happens to the girls who go out? Do they vanish, or die?"

"Oh no, not at all. The Night Singers take them up on their horses and carry them round the camp with them while they sing. But all the old women say it is scandalous."

"Let's do it!" Roselle exclaimed, flushing with pleasant excitement at the mere idea. After a good deal of strenuous argument she induced her more cautious friend to agree.

As the first step in their naughty plan, Roselle coaxed Unripe Nut's mother to let her daughter sleep in Kaska's tent. Of course, no one could deny Flying Heart anything on the day of her Name Feast. So, when the camp made ready for slumber, Unripe Nut came over with her blanket and lay beside Roselle. In time happy snores gave evidence that Kaska and his wife were off guard. Slowly and silently the two girls rolled away from their couch of hides between Kaska and his wife, on the one side, and Kaska's aged mother-in-law on the other. They reached the door of the tent at last and lay there, clasping hands and scarcely daring to breathe.

An hour went by with no sound but the unshod hoofs of the guardians on the outskirts of the camp. A chill breeze blew past at intervals under a sky pricked with crystal.

Presently a sound from far off reached them. It was a note so like the hoot of an owl that, at first, Roselle was deceived. Then she heard it answered by another "owl" and another, until all the woods about the camp seemed to be smothered by flocks of singing owls. Gradually the singers, who were imitating owls, drew together behind that part of the camp where Kaska dwelt.

Now the single notes began to fall into a rhythm and a melody, and Roselle heard the words of Tataka's song made in her honor.

"Night goes slow, slow on the trail,  
Where your heart flies,  
Flying Heart."

"Come. Let us leave the sleeping night far behind on the trail. Let us go to the Night Singers, whose charm is too strong for us," whispered Unripe Nut. The last scruples of that cautious and practical little maid had disappeared. Her black eyes seemed to spurt at Roselle like match flames or like sparks from burning cedar bark.

Noiselessly they rolled under the tent flap, out into the night. Stealthily they crawled past the nearby tents, where ill luck might pounce on them in the person of some wakeful housewife. Once a dog leaped to the end of his rope to snarl and snap at them. Almost immediately a man stuck his head between the tent

## Are You Going to Europe This Summer?

*Then Visit this International Camp*

A camp for Girl Guides and Girl Scouts is being planned by the International Council in London. It will be held from August 5-16, 1927, in Parc d'Ariana, Geneva, Switzerland. If you are interested, tell your Captain to watch *The Leader* for full details.

The plan is that two First Class Girl Scouts or Golden Eaglets, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years old, who have been Girl Scouts for at least three years and are in active service in their troops, be chosen from each region to make up the troop that will represent the United States.

A letter will be sent by our International Committee to each Council, telling them what it will cost each Girl Scout, approxi-

mately and requesting them to send to the chairmen of their Regional Committees the names of any Girl Scouts they wish to suggest for the United States troop. Girl Scouts not under a Council and who are planning to be in Europe may send their names to their Regional Chairman. The names will then be referred to the International Committee with whom the final choice for this great honor will lie. Our Girl Scout National Board of Directors will pay the expenses of the Captain, but not of the Girl Scouts who go.

A very lovely fete—the Fête des Vignerons which is given only four or five times in a century will be presented in nearby Vevey.

*Speeding a mile a minute through the dark, a blood-red sky ahead—*



flaps, growled angrily, and flung a stick which hit poor Unripe Nut on her funny bone. Though the tears started to her eyes, she, nobly, made no outcry.

"All interesting things are like war," she remarked to Roselle later. "One must suffer for them."

After the terrifying episode of the dog and the angry man, it was ever so long before the two prowlers dared move. But at last they crept on, always in the direction whence they had first heard the voices. Because, as Unripe Nut explained in low murmurs, the singers must return to that spot in circling the camp.

"The guardians will whip us all the way back to Kaska's tent if they catch us," said Unripe Nut.

"Oh dear!" Roselle gasped. The guardians were stern-faced, middle-aged warriors, and Roselle was afraid of them.

"The thing to do is not to be caught," Unripe Nut answered. "Hush!" They listened, silently alert.

"This is terrible. The guardians are coming from one direction and the Night Singers from another! They will meet and pass here!" Roselle's keen ears had caught the sounds of the two groups approaching.

"The Night Singers ride faster," said Unripe Nut. "And if they once get us on their horses the guardians can't do anything to us."

"Then let us dash out, calling to them. Or we shall lie here all night."

"Wind turns back, arrow falls—"

Roselle, followed by her comrade, leaped out of the shadows.

"Night Singers, I am Flying Heart. Take me!" she cried.

A spotted pony was pulled up short, in a gallop, so that he sat back on his haunches.

"Two girls, brothers!" the rider shouted. "One is Flying Heart!"

"Here come the guardians!" another singer yelled.

At that moment the guardians, who guessed what was happening, urged their ponies forward at full speed. Several carried torches which they swung in wide circles. In the glare they could see the two girls distinctly. The guardians drove their horses into the group of Night Singers full tilt to butt them out of the way and to seize the girls, who were still on the ground. There was a collision as the opposing riders met. Though the ponies were used to rough encounters and the riders knew how to keep their seats, there were both men and ponies who rolled over in the dust. All the other horses were prancing, rearing, and kicking with warlike zeal, and the two girls were in peril of being trampled. Roselle shrieked once as she saw the spotted pony again apparently bearing madly down upon her, but it was jerked to its haunches beside her, and in another moment the strong arm of the tall brave on its back had lifted her out of all danger from frantic ponies and resolute guardians. The same brave caught up Unripe Nut and tossed her like a bundle of clothes to the rider nearest him. Once they had the girls safely, the Night Singers wheeled and made off.

Roselle, her fears banished now, was in ecstasy. Her warrior raced out ahead of the others, holding her tight

and singing her song lustily as he rode.

Now indeed she seemed to be flying! The night shadow of the wooded trail ran back as if fleeing from her, while in front of her and over head the phosphorescent sky flowed to her like a crystal wash.

"I am flying above the wind! I am riding on the sky!" she cried out.

"Yes. Now you are really the Flying Heart," her captor answered, laughing. Instead of turning back to make the circle of the camp again, he raced on to the open plain in the direction of the big river. The men behind shouted protests at first—then they followed. But, as if by common consent, they ceased singing. They were miles from the camp and there were no guardians here to watch for enemies.

"Why have you led us here," one demanded of the man on the spotted pony.

"Out there," was the answer, "is Evil Island and I thought that Flying Heart, who is the friend of good spirits, could make a prayer or a chant which would drive the bad spirits away from the island and make the river safe for our canoes."

"What is Evil Island?" Roselle asked.

"It is the home of evil spirits. No man has ever put his foot on it. He would die at once. It is from Evil Island that the bad spirits fly out and work mischief for the Crees. They stir up the rapids also, and endanger our canoes."

Roselle peered long at the dark shape on the water. She saw a small gleam appear and move among the shadows.

"Why do you say no man will set foot there?" she asked. "For I have just seen the light a man makes when he starts a fire."

"Where? Where?" they chorused in excitement. And then some one said it must be a light shed by an evil ghost. But on this point Roselle was firm. She had had an Indian upbringing and she believed in spirits, good and evil, as firmly as the Crees believed in them, but she knew the spark of a fire lighted on a chill night before a tent, and she had no doubt that a man was responsible for the spark she had seen. Presently there was a small glow in the bushes which they all could see. Then it was quickly shielded from possible watchers on the bank.

"Not only is a man there but he does not wish any one to know he is there," said Roselle.

"A man dares to camp on Evil Island! What sort of man is that? Such a man will be more dangerous than evil spirits!" the Night Singers whispered among themselves. "He is too near our camp. He lies on the trail of our canoes. Yet not a Cree, no, not even the guardians, will dare to land on Evil Island to find out who this new enemy is."

"I am not afraid to land there!" said Flying Heart. "Because I feel sure that my new name will protect me."

What will Roselle find on the dark mysterious island, behind the flickering light?

"Evil spirits," say the Indians in hushed voices. Can it be that they are right? The next installment of this unusual serial will tell.



## Try this recipe for your Girl Scout cooking test

### PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peanut butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together into bowl; add peanut butter and mix well. Add milk and beat thoroughly and put in one large or two small greased loaf pans; smooth tops before baking and bake in moderate oven (350°) about 1 hour. If baked in two small pans it will slice just the right size for sandwiches. Makes 2 small or 1 large loaf.



**T**HRIFTY Girl Scouts know there is no saving in cheap baking powder. When they spend money for shortening, sugar, flour and seasonings—and spend their own good time—to make quick breads, cakes and flap-jacks, they want to be sure of perfect leavening, fine texture and inviting flavor without a trace of bitterness. The cost of Royal—the best—is negligible as compared with the cost of the other ingredients.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum; leaves no bitter taste

*That's the daring Bee in Rex Lee's breath-taking oil well story in April*

# Our International Mail Bag

(Continued from page 35)

In Rio it is more difficult to find good picnic places: the sea is dangerous for bathing, and in the country there are too many snakes for the peace of mind of the Guiders. Not long ago, though, the Guides went to tea at their Captain's house in the country and distinguished themselves by breaking the swing; while last week all the Guides and Brownies went to tea at the British Embassy, where the Guides performed marvelous contortions in the banana race, which consists of eating slices of banana over your left shoulder off a fork held in your right hand behind your back. It is great fun. Have you ever tried it?

Once a year we give an entertainment in aid of our own funds and some charity. Last year we were able to give \$500.00 to the Strangers' Hospital, that being half the proceeds, and the result of a most energetic two months' rehearsing. Most of the children love acting and are not a bit self-conscious. In fact, the Little People stop unconcernedly in the middle of a piece to push each other into place and tell the other one what exactly he should be doing and saying, much to the amusement of the audience.

Finally we hope very much that any Girl Scouts or Blue Birds who come to Rio or Sao Paulo will lose no time in letting us know their whereabouts.

Once again, to our sister Girl Scouts very many good wishes and good luck on the trail!

ELISABETH GILLEY

## In Hawaii

### THE AMERICAN GIRL wins friends

DEAR JANICE: Your address was given to me by my Girl Scout Commissioner. She assured me that you wished to correspond with a Girl Scout in Hawaii. I am taking the pleasure of introducing myself.

I am a part Hawaiian and part Chinese girl, eighteen years old, and attend the junior high school. You probably attend school also. I'll be a Junior this coming year. I had not attended school until the age of nine. Then in Girl Scouting, I am a lieutenant of my troop. There are about thirty girls, all of whom are of different nationalities.

Here in Hilo, we do not find snow. That is found on the tops of the mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, and only in the winter months. Our climate is mild, and bathers take the opportunity of going swimming practically all the year around.

Did you know that the island of Hawaii is the largest mountain island in the world? There are eight Hawaiian islands altogether,

all of which are of volcanic formation. The largest is Hawaii, the one in which I reside. The capital city is Honolulu. You have probably heard of Kilauea volcano. This is also on the island of Hawaii. The volcano has not been in action for almost a year now.

You probably would be interested to know that we have practically every convenience here that you have in Toledo. We do not have the rapid transit, due to the fact that the population is not large enough. But we have both the old and latest models of automobiles. I myself drive a "flivver" to school every morning. Honolulu, the capital city, has rapid transit and anything you can think that a city could provide.

I shall be glad to hear from you, and remain, with aloha.

LYDIA LUI KWAN

## From England

*A week in Paris and Normandy—sight-seeing, camping, exploring—came (through saving up) to Staffordshire Girl Guides and their Captain. Mrs. Ronald Copeland, Division Commissioner of Girl Guides in the "Potteries," tells their story:*

This last Whitsuntide we organized a ten days' expedition to Paris and Normandy. It had been planned for six months, and all who could saved up and took their yearly holiday then.

It was a very merry party that met me at Stoke Station with a huge retinue of parents and friends to give us a send-off. Hardly any of the Guides had ever been as far as London (150 miles from Stoke) and several had never been outside the "Potteries." So this was a bit of an undertaking! Great was the excitement—the arrival in London, the drive across, when we passed Buckingham Palace, and the Girl Guide Headquarters—and then into the train for New Haven. It was a lovely night and we all sat on deck and watched the stars

come out. At dawn we reached Dieppe, and found ourselves in Paris at 6 a.m.

At one o'clock a huge char-a-banc drove up with a French ex-officer, who spoke English, as a guide. Off we drove to see all we could of Paris. What thrills we felt as we entered the Conciergerie and saw the gloomy prison where Marie Antoinette was confined, the chair in which she spent so many hours, the chapel where she prayed—then out into St. Louis' beautiful little church and on to the Cathedral of Notre Dame with its stately towers! Then came the great Palace of the Louvre, to gaze on Mona Lisa's gentle face, to see Velasquez' masterpieces, and to bring back an impression of Greuze and Boucher. That afternoon and the next morning were crowded and packed with visits to the inexhaustible treasures of Paris.

Late the next day we reached the station where a kind French Guide *Eclaircuse* met us and piloted us through the Whitsuntide crowd to our special carriages. How grateful we were to her. There we found some other French Guides also going to Normandy, so we all tumbled in together to fraternize as best we could with a somewhat limited vocabulary.

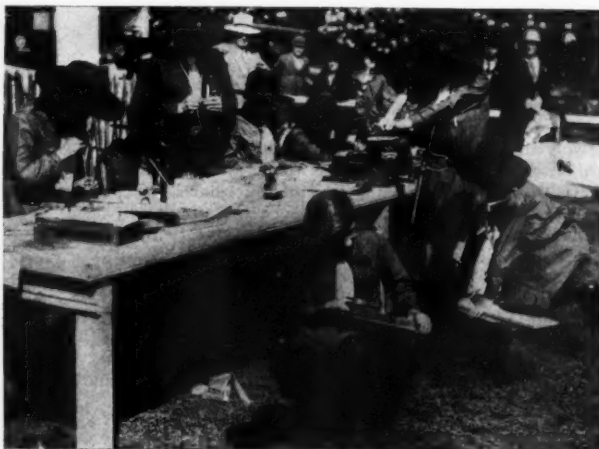
Soon La Haye was reached and a gay throng of English and French Guides marched off through an enchanting forest to the Château of Argeronne.

This was the beginning of a happy and never-to-be-forgotten week. What fun we all had—and how we all lost our hearts to our hostess, the gracious *châtelaine*, to whose kindness and forethought our delightful holiday was due. For she had placed the beautiful grounds of her famous *château* at our disposal. Think of it, an old *château* which had not been touched since it was rebuilt in 1640, and which lay so hidden in the forest that it passed unmolested all through the French Revolution! We wandered through its beautiful rooms with their works of art and admired the old stove that the artist Boucher himself designed

for some fair lady, and had written on it "Made by Boucher." And then down to the deep dungeons, so dark and creepy, with a horrible bottle-shaped cavern below where the doomed prisoner was let down to die of starvation.

Later there were expeditions to old world villages and excursions down the river to see Rouen and its beautiful cathedral, and to admire the statue of that wonderful Joan of Arc whom we all regarded as the first Girl Guide! Delightful talks with our *châtelaine*, and hours spent with the French Guides learning how to cook vegetables and make chocolate in the true French style, wonderful

(Continued on page 52)



At a rally at Bournemouth, English Girl Guides show their skill at carpentry

The houses that Scout built—in April

## From the Shores of the Baltic

(Continued from page 32)

had been formed at different social organizations. All are directed by the Central Board, the central organization of the Latvian Guides. At the present time there are about sixty different troops with two thousand Guides.

Our Guides dress about the same way as American Girl Scouts do. We wear a dark blue pleated skirt and a protective color blouse. Our headdress is a narrow cap of the same color as the blouse and we wear a red handkerchief around our neck. We fasten the handkerchief by our Guide pin. The Latvian Guide symbol is a clover leaf.

We have also an organization of the older guides, or "grown-up Guides," as we call them. To them belong Guides older than seventeen years of age. They are about one hundred twenty now.

Our Guides have been quite busy with different training exercises and with study of all the things a Guide has to know. As almost all our girls study at school, we have our meetings on Sundays or on free time.

Last summer our Chief Guide, Mrs. Vilks, the President of our Guides, received an invitation from the American Girl Scouts to take part in the International Congress of Girl Scouts in America. Upon her return she told us very much about her trip and your Girl Scouts. She was so delighted of her visit.






In summer our Guides, too, go to camp. Usually every troop goes by itself on their own expenses, as our Central Board has not means enough to arrange a general camp for all our guides. Then we live an out-of-door life for a week or two and have an amusing time. I think it is as everywhere else. We go into the woods, we study the nature around us, we make outdoor exercises, we gather berries and mushrooms and we cook our food on the fire.

In the evening, when all the work is done, we sit around the fire singing our folk songs and telling each other stories. We also play and dance our folk dances.

This autumn we are to have our own magazine. It is named "Gaida," that means "Guide" in Latvian. Two numbers of it have come out already. I am sending one of it with this letter that you might see it, as well as some photographs of our guides.

With this letter I also wish to send to you, dear Miss Ferris, my best greetings and wish to ask you to give best regards and love to the American Girl Scouts and to their splendid magazine from our Guides and from myself.

A P. S. One day the editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL was sitting at her desk when a young woman came in to subscribe for her sister who, she said, was a Girl Guide in Latvia. So interesting were all the things she had to tell about what her sister and her friends were doing, that Helen Ferris asked her whether her sister would not write for the International issue. And so—in the course of time—this article arrived. The article is exactly as Olga wrote it herself, in English.

There's a world   
of COMFORT  
in this flexible   
shoe. It acts with  
your foot  like  
an Indian's moccasin  
 and is fine for  
hiking 

NATURE made your feet flexible, like springs. That is why shoes which are rigid under the arch will not give your feet the natural freedom that they need. In Cantilever Shoes you will find a great difference. For these trim, natural shoes, are flexible from toe to heel just like your foot. They are shaped like your foot, too.

More wonderful than the great bridges man has built, or the well made springs under the finest motor cars, are your own marvelously constructed feet. To the girl who is interested in the wonders of nature, the foot offers a fascinating study. It is built like a cantilever spring with twenty-six bones held in arched formation by muscles and ligaments.

This sturdy, spring-like structure, which is your foot, seldom fails to serve you when it is kept natural. Cantilever Shoes allow the foot to exercise and build up the muscular

strength needed to hold the bones of the foot in arched formation. It keeps the foot in natural shape because it is naturally shaped itself and it makes a wonderful shoe for walking.

Girls who like to camp, hike and be athletic are particularly keen about the Cantilever Shoe. For these girls know that when feet fail they cannot play the game. They also like a shoe that is shaped so gracefully, designed so smartly and that wears so well.

Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast and are within reach of practically all readers of "The American Girl." If you do not find the name of a Cantilever store in your phone book, write the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Wiloughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will be glad to send you a new booklet and the address of a conveniently located store.



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## The Finishing Touch to the Uniform —the Neckerchief



HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, cardinal or yellow, also black, tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefoil pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

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# All Aboard for a Cook's Tour

(Continued from page 38)

Now for another idea. What about a cake and sweet sale? A bazaar, if you like, where you may display the cakes and dainties in which other lands delight? There may be a different table for each nation's delicacies. And of course it should be presided over by a girl dressed in the national costume of that country. A Girl Scout, dressed in flowing scarves and wearing the scarf veil of Turkish women, could dispense Turkish delight, Arabian sweets, and strange rich cookies. The Highland girl of course, wearing some sort of plaid, could offer oatmeal cookies and short-bread and such Scotch dainties.

Here are recipes for you to follow:

### Toad-in-the-Hole

1 lb. beef link	½ teaspoon salt
sausages	3 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk	2 eggs
	⅛ teaspoon pepper

Separate sausages and carefully remove skins. Grease a shallow baking dish and lay in the sausages. Make a batter of the flour, milk and the well-beaten eggs, beating it for 5 minutes to make it light. Pour batter over sausages and bake dish 30 minutes in a moderate oven. This may also be served with noodles.

### Pot-au-feu

3 lbs. round of beef	1 marrow bone
3 quarts water	3 teaspoons salt
6 carrots	2 small turnips
2 leeks (if obtainable)	1 bunch parsley
bayleaf	cloves
	1 lump of sugar

Cut beef into narrow finger sections and drop with marrow bone into rapidly boiling salted water. Simmer about 2½ hours, skimming when necessary. Add chopped vegetables for the last 40 minutes. Thicken with cornstarch or flour. Pour over triangles of toasted bread served in deep soup plates.

### Stuffed Cabbage Rolls

1 lb. chopped beef or mutton	1 cup breadcrumbs
2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons lemon juice
pepper	1 cup tomato purée
salt	boiled rice or mashed potato
1 head cabbage	

Combine chopped meat with crumbs, butter, seasonings, juice. Mix well and shape in sausage rolls. Separate cabbage leaves, drop into boiling water and steam a few moments until wilted. Drain, then lay meat roll on cabbage leaf, and fold leaf over. When all leaves are thus stuffed, place them in bottom of a greased baking dish, pour over tomato sauce and bake or steam 45 minutes. Serve on bed or in border of boiled rice or mashed potato.

### Curry of Lamb and Rice

2 lbs. lamb or mutton	boiled lentils
cut in pieces	2 onions
2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon curry powder	boiled rice
	4-6 hardcooked eggs

Melt butter, blend in flour and add enough hot water to make a thin gravy. Add the lamb. Cover and simmer until tender. Separately cook rice so that grains are white and distinct. Separately steam or boil dried lentils until like a thick pea dish. Hardboil the eggs for garnish. When ready to serve, arrange boiled rice around edge of platter. Add curry seasoning to both meat and lentils. Place lentils inside ring, and heap meat and gravy on top. Cut eggs in lengthwise sections and garnish the whole. Serve very hot.

### Armenian Sweets

1 lb. seeded raisins	¾ lb. walnut meats
1 lb. eating figs	½ lb. pitted prunes
	confectioner's sugar

Use the coarse knife of the meat chopper. Have all ingredients coarsely cut, then run twice through grinder. Sift sugar on board, lay on fruit mass, and with the hands knead until well blended. Roll about ¼ inch thick, shape or cut as desired, wrapping each piece in oil paper or colored glacé paper.

### Japanese Sweet Potato Candy

Boil sweet potatoes, drain, then mash the pulp. Shape into small balls. Drop into boiling sugar syrup and let brown. Remove, drain, and set to cool and get brittle. Wrap in fancy paper.

### Turkish Delight

3 tablespoons granulated gelatin	red and green coloring
½ cup boiling water	½ cup cold water
grated rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon	2 cups sugar

Soak gelatin in water. Bring sugar and boiling water to boil, add gelatin and simmer 20 minutes. Divide in 2 portions. Flavor one with lemon juice and rind and color green; flavor other with orange and color red. Pour into inch-deep shallow pan rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, cut carefully into squares or oblongs, roll in confectioner's sugar and pile in assorted heaps or arrange in fancy boxes.

### Scotch Jim-Jams

1 cup butter	1 cup brown sugar
2 cups flour	½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking soda	½ cup sour milk
	2 cups Irish oatmeal

Cream butter and sugar. Sift flour, salt and soda and add alternately with milk to the first mixture, stirring in the oatmeal little by little. Toss mass on floured board and roll very thin. Cut in large rounds and triangles. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes. Use plain or put two together with a filling made as follows:

½ cup boiling water	¾ cup chopped dates
	¾ cup sugar

Cook together until thick.

"In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—clothes"



Would you like a desk something like this for your room?

## "My Own Room" Contest

**H**OW did you decorate and arrange your own room—or, if you'd rather, your Girl Scout cabin, or your troop room, or any other room you helped to make attractive? For the three best stories of not more than five hundred words, and for the best suggestions of what you would like on the new "My Own Room" pages in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, we will award three lovely prizes of things that you want for your own room.

For the best story, you may have a chaise longue like the one at the bottom of the page, or a comfy wicker chair with cushions, or a desk; and you may choose the colors you would like.

For the second-best story, we've seen another kind of chair, or a lamp with a parchment shade. You may have whichever you like.

And to the third-best story-writer will come a small table lamp or bookends or a lovely picture.

*Here are the Conditions of This Contest, which is Open to All Readers of The American Girl.*

1. Write your name, age, address and—if you are a Girl Scout—your Troop number at the top of the first page.
2. Write on one side of the paper only.
3. Make your story not more than 500 words in length.
4. Tell what kind of room yours is, what you did, what you spent.
5. The contest closes March first.
6. And don't forget the separate sheet telling what you want on our "My Own Room" page. Put your name, age, and address at the top of this page, too.

Pictures of your room will be very welcome, although they will not count in the contest.



Or perhaps a comfortable chaise longue like this?



## Here's the Answer—

to Question No. 10 of the Girl Scout Laundry Test

**"H**OW to remove stains—butter, ice cream, and other kinds"—sounds like one of the hardest problems of the Girl Scout Laundry Test.



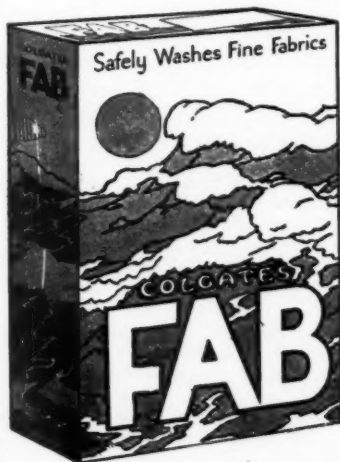
But with Fab and no trouble at all you can take an egg stain from a middie blouse, an ice cream stain from a party dress, a butter stain from a gingham frock—any common stain from any washable material.

Once a garment is stained, you should attend to the removal of the spot immediately. With this method it takes but a few minutes to remove any spot.

Swish up a heavy Fab suds. Hold the stain over the bowl. Pat on the Fab suds, sometimes gentle rubbing is helpful. Some stains such as cocoa, tea, coffee and fruit should have hot water poured through them from a height, and the Fab suds gently rubbed in.

There are certain very stubborn stains that only a chemical can remove. But for assistance in removing these,

the Colgate Bulletin on Stain Removal gives the simplest and most improved methods.



Janet Read of Colgate & Co. will give you full directions for removing any stain. She also gives advice on taking stains out of unwashable materials. Write her.

*There is a special FREE sample of Fab for any Girl Scout who sends in the coupon.*

Janet Read,  
Colgate & Company, Dept. 201F  
581 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a sample box of Fab and the Colgate bulletin on Stain Removal.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

*"The American Girl" has something to say next month about the right kind*

# Our International Mail Bag

(Continued from page 48)  
botanizing walks through the forest—all these and more became part of our glorious week. After dinner came the campfire, when French and English Guides showed what they could do, and we all sang the national songs, and also learned the old French song, *Ma Normandie*, and discussed many things until the nightingale's first note struck. Then we all listened in breathless silence while the gorgeous song rang through the forest. Such happy days these were, and they sped on all too soon. But they left us with golden memories and a great gladness that to us is given the privilege of belonging to this great world Guide movement, which enables us to find in every land that loving sister's welcome.

## In Barbados

*An old military hospital serves for a camp overlooking a valley of sugar cane.*

DEAR MRS. EDEY: Because of the climate and various other local conditions in this country, we are not able to camp under canvas, but we do the next best thing, which is to go to a perfectly empty house (an old military hospital) perched up on a ridge overlooking a smiling valley, green with sugar cane. There is plenty of grassland around our camp site where we can track and drill and signal, and we have our own little camp fire circle, where we sing all the old "Fox-lease" favorites. Our numbers at present total 256 Brownies, Guides, and Guiders.

ROSAMOND O'BRIEN

## In Victoria, Australia

*"It's bonza!" writes a Guide after reading THE AMERICAN GIRL. Another asks what is "candy," and "do Girl Scouts have bobs?"*

DEAR FRANCES: I received your very welcome letter, also the magazines. Thanks very much, they are *bonza*!

We don't get any magazines up to them for girls, with such interesting reading and news. You see, we haven't any special magazines for Girl Guides, but I will send you some with articles about the fleet in them (American Fleet, you know) . . .

LESLEY CHIGSTON

DEAR DOROTHY: I am eleven years old and I have bobbed hair with enough curl to put in your eye. I have greenish grey eyes. I am in the Robin Patrol of the 3rd Hawthorn Girl Guides and especially adore swimming and tennis. One day we went to the beach with a friend of mine, and there were so many crabs that we had to float nearly all the time. It was great fun. We also tried rescuing someone. We had a long piece of cord and put it around our waists and tied a bowline. Then we swam out with the other girl on the rope. Every now and again a crab would bite us, so we'd let the rope go and start floating. Don't you pity the girl on the other end?

I think it would be spiffing to have snow at Christmas instead of our boiling

hot weather. I spent my last holidays up at the Grampian Mountains and had a *bonza* time.

Our Guide suits are navy blue blouses with patrol emblems worked on, green ties, blue skirts and hats, and black shoes and stockings.

Do many people in America have bobbed hair? Shingled hair is the latest fashion here. Please tell me what *candy* is! I know it is some kind of a sweetmeat but that is all. Are there any Fords in America? . . .

IDA GARDNER

## In Basra, Irak (Babylonia)

*Mohammedan girls now learn basketball and are glad they are "allowed" to go to school*

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am a Mohammedan girl and Basra is the name of my town. If you like dates, you already know something of my country, for Irak is thought to grow eighty per cent of the date-palm trees of the world.

We have not many schools, as you have, and the majority of our mothers cannot read or write, as in the past Moslem girls were not allowed to study. They had to remain at home, knowing nothing of the outside world but what little their own mothers taught them. About three years ago people came to understand the necessity of educating their girls, and consented to send them to schools. I myself am in a good school, and we all like it. We play many games, among which is your famous basketball.

But games, too, are new. Girls did not use to be allowed to play at home. Now we have liberty to study and play as you have. In fact, we feel happy to live these days, and hope to enjoy one day the same position that American girls enjoy.

Yours lovingly,

AN IRAK GIRL

## International Troop Meeting

*Costumes, folk dances and songs, refreshments of strange candies and cakes, sometimes exhibits and talks, and finally the circle of hands around the world—everywhere Girl Scouts discover the fun of an International Troop Meeting*

For instance, just listen to this: "Our troops 1 and 2 of Walsenburg, Colorado, set sail from New York at two o'clock and after a very pleasant voyage landed at Glasgow, Scotland, the home of Girl Scouts Margaret and Helen Hunt. Here they were favored with a solo dance, 'The Highland Fling,' in costume. After the dance we partook of bread and butter and jelly sandwiches, which were served by our Scotch hostesses in keeping with the Scotch custom.

From Glasgow, we set sail for Amsterdam, Holland. After a rough voyage, we landed and went immediately to the home of Captain Long, heard Dutch music and ate Dutch sandwiches.

Again we set sail, this time for a long, tedious voyage, but we were happy and did not mind the trip. We walked down

the gangplank at three-fifteen into the city of Yokohama, the home of Scouts Frances and Josephine Mauro. Here we were favored with another solo dance, a Japanese dance in costume, and also refreshments of tea and wafers. From Japan we crossed the Pacific Ocean to Honolulu, where our hostess, Girl Scout Edna Caldwell, served pineapple while we listened to Hawaiian music.

After this long trip, we were glad to get back to America, so we met in the Elks' hall at four-thirty to dance folk dances for the remainder of the afternoon." . . . HELEN HUNT,

*Scribe of Sacajawea Troop,  
Walsenburg, Colo.*

From Milwaukee, Wisconsin, comes a splendid idea for an international game. "Our Captain told us we were to have a spell-down," writes Alice E. Woods. "If we had an A in our word we were to raise our right arm and say nothing, T, our left arm, I, touch your eye, O, touch your mouth, U, point to someone, and any other letters in the word we could say aloud. We were given such words as: International, Asia, Scotland, and other round-the-world countries."

In Hamilton, Ohio, the whole month of March was set aside for an International Festival. Each troop first selected its favorite country and sent the name to Headquarters so that there would be no duplication.

Then the work started in earnest. Costumes had to be made, material for scrapbooks had to be collected and dances and songs had to be learned. Each troop made up a scrapbook for its chosen country. The girls had great fun searching through magazines for pictures and articles about these various countries. Material found on other countries than the one chosen was sent to headquarters for the benefit of other troops. There were many trips to the library and many letters sent out of town in the search for facts. Then cutting and pasting and lo!—the scrapbooks were finished. These books were exhibited on the day of the festival.

On the last Saturday of March, the day set for the festival, the different troops presented scenes illustrating the customs of the various countries—national folk dances, songs and games. At the close of the afternoon all girls joined in dancing the Virginia Reel, after which they gave the pledge of allegiance, and added, "and to the flags of the other nations we pay honor and respect."

And, before closing, we must add just this bit: When Helen Ferris attended a dinner party a short time ago, she had for her partner the head librarian of the library in Belfast, Ireland. "Do your girls like mystery stories the way Girl Scouts do?" she asked in the course of the evening. "No," he replied, "as a matter of fact, mystery stories are not popular at all, but oh how Irish girls adore adventure and boarding-school stories!" Which suggests some of our tastes too.

*"And the Girl Scout Little House Grew"—an April feature*



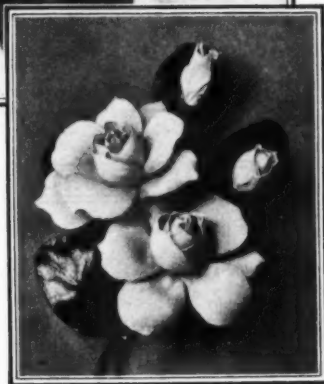
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So that you may start the very minute you receive your first book, you are furnished a generous supply of materials—crepe paper in a variety of colors, wire, paste—everything you need to make several beautiful flowers. There is no extra cost for these—they are included with your course.



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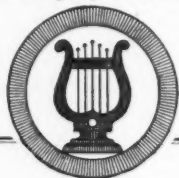
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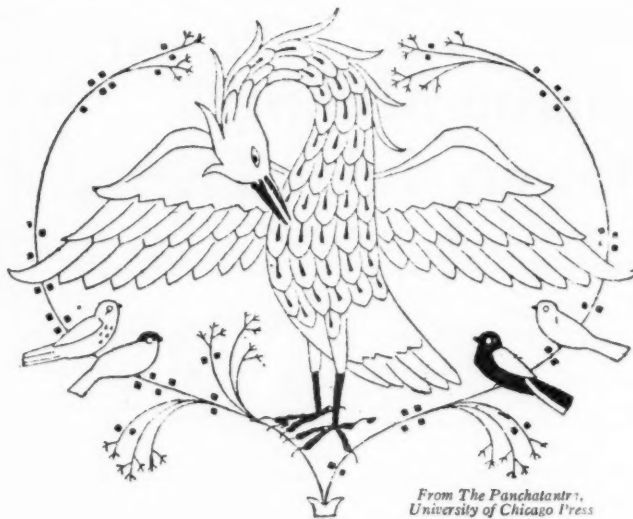
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## Books for the Armchair Adventurer

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

JUST as I was looking over my notes for this month's report on new books, the Editor sent me a letter reminding me that this was the International Number, and that it would be in keeping with the rest of the magazine if I should make the book-notes altogether about stories and plays whose scenes are laid in countries other than our own. I was on the point of writing back that I did not believe there would be enough of them to fill the space, when I thought it might be a good plan to round up those I had in the house and see how many there might be. As a result, I made a trip to one of the large bookstores and—now comes the surprise—I found that there had been so many books about girls in other countries, that it will be all I can do to squeeze in just their names and the very least bit of description. But I think it will be a good idea for me to do just this: it will show you how easy it now is to make friends in other lands through books, and in 'his way begin early to cultivate the "international mind" that will be continually more important in the new world.

Suppose that you were to take a map of the world and mark a star on every country you could read about in a new book this spring; you would find four on Italy. One would be for a very well-known story—the adored *Pinocchio*, a lovely story for your younger sister—but there has been so remarkable an illustrated edition (Macmillan), with the pictures made in Italy, that I may count it as new. There is, for the older girls, a historical novel of the first years of Christianity, called *When Rome Reign'd*, by Anne S. Lee Revell, and an adventure story of the time of Caesar by R. F. Wells, a sequel to *With Caesar's Legions*. This one is *On Land and Sea with Caesar*, and deals with the coming of

Romans to Britain. *The Last Days of Pompeii*, Bulwer-Lytton's world-famous romance, is issued in a new edition whose feature is the beautiful pictures in color by N. C. Wyeth (Scribner).

There are two Russian entries: one is a wonderful gift-book with colored illustrations, *Skazki* (Doran), which tells Russian legends familiar to older Americans through the operas whose librettos are based on them. The decorations by Theodore Nadejen on page 5 of this issue are from *Skazki*. The other is a volume of folk-plays I have already described, *Yelenka the Wise*, published by The Woman's Press. This has plays from other countries too. Egypt has two books; *Mark Tidd in Egypt*, by Clarence B. Kelland (Harper), is one of a series of travel novels in which the same boy appears, and *Children of Ancient Egypt*, by L. Lamprey (Little Brown), tells how they lived and worked and amused themselves in the days of the Pharaohs. It makes you better understand the reports of the discoveries on King Tut-ankh-amen's burial-place. George Borrow's famous novel of Gipsy life, *Lavengro*, which should be known by all Girl Scouts, is now published in an inexpensive edition by Houghton Mifflin; and to represent Spain, Washington Irving's *The Alhambra* is a new volume in Macmillan's "Children's Classics" series of small-priced reprints. From Norway comes a new book about Inger Johanne, the tom-boy who is as much at home in American libraries as the Swiss *Heidi*. This book is *Inger Johanne's Lively Doings* (Lothrop), by Dikken Zwilgmeyer, and it is illustrated in two colors. There is a beautiful book about a real girl who grew up in Sweden and came to this country to live, *When I was a Girl in Sweden*, by Anna-Mia Hertzman (Lothrop), one

(Concluded on page 56)

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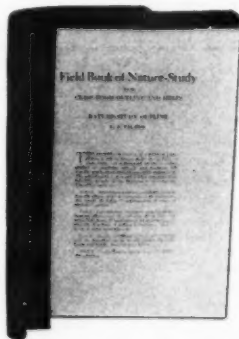
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## Books

(Continued from page 54)

of a series that Girl Scouts should all know.

From France we have the story of the nation's heroine, as told by Mark Twain—there is a new edition, meant for young people, of his *Joan of Arc* (Harper.) Cornelia Stratton Parker, in *More Ports, More Happy Places* (Boni), has another installment of her vivacious experiences in taking her family abroad, and there is a book *Celebrated Towers* (Century), in which Lorinda Bryant gives the pictures and tells the romantic stories of many famous ones that you would see on a trip abroad.

*With Taro and Nana in Japan* (Stokes) is a story of two real children born in this country and taken home on a visit; the authors are Etsu Sugimoto, a brilliant and charming Japanese lady who lives here and who has a story in this issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and Nancy Austin. *A Girl from China*, by B. Van Vorst (Stokes), is the exciting life-story of Soumay Tchong, a girl who left China to study in Paris but is now taking an important part in the Chinese Revolution. There is a big book of *Stories of Swiss Children*, by Johanna Spyri (Crowell), in which a number of Heidi's little compatriots appear. Germany provides a wonderful illustrated *Hansel and Gretel* (Doran), one of the finest gift-books. As for England, there are two new historical novels, *The Gauntlet of Dunmore*, by Hawthorne Daniel (Macmillan), and *In England Once*, by Hugh Chesterman (Appleton), and Archibald Marshall's *John* (Dodd). Two books are from the North Pole. David Binney Putnam writes of his experiences in *David Goes to Greenland* (Putnam) and Kenneth L. Rawson tells of his in *A Boy's-Eye View of the Arctic* (Macmillan).

Speaking of the Arctic, I may well round off this globe-trotting report at the top of the globe, by reminding you that, as Vilhjálmur Stefánsson is now one of our contributors, you will wish to know what other reports of the polar regions he has made for you. *Kak, the Copper Eskimo*, his story of an energetic boy of the arctic regions (Macmillan), gives you a striking idea of the ways in which men manage to keep ahead of nature in cold places. It is no joke to be a boy in this fur-bearing part of the world, but strange to say, Kak does not find it unpleasant at all; he really has a great time. *Hunters of the Great North*, by the same author (Harcourt), tells how he came to be an explorer, and makes the charm of the frozen country—a charm that calls back strong men year after year—clear to the reader. It isn't frozen all the time—this book describes not only his first winter but also his first summer in the North. His second arctic expedition is described in *My Life with the Eskimo* (Macmillan), and his great work is *The Friendly Arctic* (Macmillan), a big book that is no doubt in your public library. I've seen boys poring over it for hours at a time.

Give your chum "The American Girl" for her birthday

## Camps around the World

(Continued from page 23)

gathered heather and once visited a hop field where the pickers were at work.

"At half-past eight we filled with warm water a cows' drinking trough (previously cleaned!) and then everybody washed in it together in the middle of the field! At nine o'clock we partook of supper 'round the camp fire and sang a few songs. Then we scrambled into bed."

Hilda evidently would have sympathizers in Sweden, for, "Camping is the very best of all good things in Girl Scouting!" declares a Swedish Guide. And she continues, "This is, I dare say, the opinion of every Swedish Girl Guide. We have had camps for several years now, generally only in the summer, though sometimes at Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide. The girls slept indoors until this summer, but though this may sound unappealing to you hardy campers, we might add that sometimes we have been the possessors for a week or two of some old historical castle, like Vastana. This castle is situated beside beautiful whirlpools, a lake where the wonderful sunset lays a golden bridge from the shore to the isle of Vising where lie old ruins and remarkable sights. At other times we have settled down far away in the country Ugglastryd, on an old farm in Smaland, where we were surrounded by real old Swedish farm work, and everything tells of hard labor and old fashioned country life. Or again we have camped in northern Sweden, in Baggböle, near the large rivers and wonderful waterfalls and vast forests."

"But, as I said, this last summer we camped out of doors, and chose our camp grounds always near some lake or 'fiord' or the sea. We never could think of any place where bathing and swimming could not take place every day."

"Often we cook out of doors at our camps. As the girls themselves cook, I suppose they think their cooking is splendid! I don't know if American Girl Scouts would like our dishes, but our brown beans are just like Boston-baked beans, and we think our porridge and bacon delicious for breakfast. *Köttbullar* (meatballs) and sour milk and salt cod-fish perhaps would be less to their taste."

From Czecho-Slovakia we hear that the Guides begin preparations for camp early in the spring. "First we make trips to different parts of the country," writes Lida Sobotova, a leader there, "and look for nice places for camping."

"We go to camp the day following the close of school, in a luggage van, which can also take all our bags. During the first days we build our tents. We make the walls of timber, reeds, straw, waterproof cloth, or other materials, and we make the roofs of waterproof tent cloth. Then we make ourselves our beds, little tables and seats, and we make them as cosy and pretty as possible. In addition, we always have a kitchen, a cellar, and some closets in camp."

"This is how we spend our day: at seven o'clock, reveille, opening and airing of tents; then drilling; then to the

river to wash. We make ourselves tidy, and at eight o'clock the bell calls us to breakfast. It is time—we are so hungry! Cocoa or milk and a large slice of bread—how good it is and how wholesome! We praise our cooks (as we wished to be praised tomorrow). After breakfast we make our beds and tidy our rooms. One group of two or three girls goes to do the shopping, the cooks prepare dinner, and the others go to the forest to look for wild fruits and mushrooms, to watch animals, and to listen to the singing of birds. They try also to make themselves useful by repairing paths or little bridges."

"All the girls return home at twelve o'clock with a good appetite, and call for, 'dinner, dinner!' They get it promptly and later quickly wash their dishes. Then rest for two or three hours. Some girls, who had to stand guard at night, sleep, and the others write letters or diaries, read books, or do their mending."

"Bathing follows, with much fun and a great noise. If we were not hungry, we should like to stay in the water a long time, but cold milk and bread allure us out. Then the leader's whistle calls us to a general excursion, games, drilling or our national dances. The cooks stay at home to guard the camp and prepare a simple supper."

"After supper, small discussions take place or singing in groups. Sometimes we have camp fire. We gather wood, a large heap of wood, and enjoy ourselves all evening."

Another story of camp life comes all the way from India. Shantabai, a Girl Guide, tells it in the *Indian News Sheet for Girl Guides*. "Our examinations were over and most of us were packing up from our eight months of school to leave for home," she writes, "when our Captain announced that we should have a camp! A few days later we exchanged the city noises for the chirping and singing of birds."

"The inspection bungalow where we put up is called *Siraspur*. It stands midst the siras trees, immortalized by Sarojini Naidu, and they were glistening with yellow blossoms and filling the air with their sweet scent when we arrived. The bungalow was unswept and rather gloomy looking, but we knew our job as Girl Guides, and in a minute chairs were put aside, cobwebs removed, durries spread, tables arranged, and bedding placed in order for the night. The bungalow now gave out a homely and cosy feel . . . ."

"Towards evening the next day we went out for a nature study ramble, leaving our broad canal for an enticing path along a small branch canal. The water looked like a mirror reflecting the trees on its banks in its clear waters. It was a lovely sight to see the flowing water with beautiful kingfishers skimming over it, diving for some small creature that happened to come within reach. The scene was so enchanting that fortunately many girls came along slowly, for suddenly

(Continued on page 59)

## Gay New Clothes

### Parties Hikes

Spring  
means all  
of these!



AND it's time to be thinking of spring, these days when the raw March winds are blowing King Winter off his throne. New clothes—of course you want them. Bright, colorful sport clothes for school-wear, sturdy new oxfords for hiking, a light dainty dress for the evening parties that you enjoy so much.

Clothes, movies, picnics—there are so many things girls want in the spring. So many more things, often, than they can have. That's where the rub comes in, unless—

Why not earn some money of your very own this spring? Have you ever? It's an adventure really! And oh, the thrill of that first dollar that is yours because you earned it. There's no more wonderful feeling in the world than that of having striven and succeeded.

And aside from the joy of working, there are the dollars earned. Not just symbols of achievement but real dollars that can be turned into anything you choose. Avis Pasco, a ten-year-old Connecticut school-girl, chose to turn the first dollars she earned here in the Pin Money Club into a long-desired wrist-watch. Perhaps you had rather have something else. A mandolin, bicycle, new sweater, tennis racquet—what fun you will have choosing!

### COME AND JOIN US

SPRING is coming on flying feet—be prepared to meet her, joyous, smiling, and well-equipped to enjoy her to the full. Sit down and write today for the little booklet which will tell you all about the Pin Money Club, Woman's Home Companion's money-earning club for girls. Address your letter to

*Margaret Clarke*

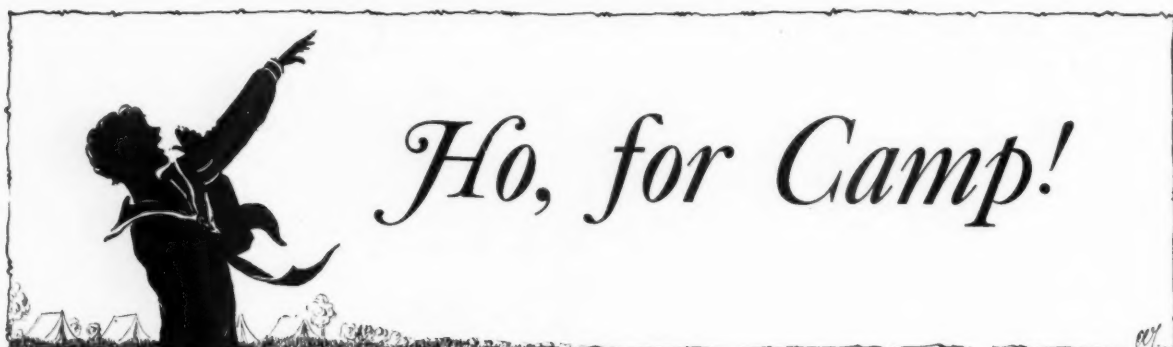
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Woman's Home Companion

250 Park Avenue

New York City

New York

*Cakes and luscious dinners point the way to the Cook's Badge—April*



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For Girls 6 to 14

**Every Girl Scout**  
and every girl who hopes to be  
**will just love Ardsley**

Hiking in glorious Westchester hills—  
open air theatre—camp fires—horse-  
back riding—all sports.

**Delicious food always.**  
Write for booklet A.

Camp Ardsley      Ardsley, N. Y.

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**OWAISSA**  
On Indian Lake

(For Girls) With all the delights of  
water, mountains and woodland—a  
happy summer in the out-of-doors.  
All land and water sports; tennis, rid-  
ing, canoeing, swimming, hiking, danc-  
ing, etc. Post Office, Indian Lake, N. Y.  
Booklet: Miss Sallie E. Wilson, Box A,  
National Cathedral School, Washington, D.C.

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Established 1923

Protestant girls from 10 to 16 years of age. Class  
"A" rating from State Dept. of Health. Season  
8 weeks \$300.00. 5% discount on all enrollments  
received before April 15th. Catalog on request.

MARTHA RICH BOWEN

### Camp Allegro

SILVER LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Tenth Season. All camp activities. Hiking and Water  
sports specialties. New adventures in following hidden  
trails, mountain climbing, long canoe trips, camp fire  
kathols, horseback picnics. Music, art, interpretive  
dancing. Junior and Senior Camps. Tents and bungalows.  
Enrollment limited—Inclusive fee. Booklet.

MRS. BLANCHE CARSTEN

13 Gardens Apt.      Forest Hills, N. Y.

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FOR GIRLS

P.O. Holland, Mich.

150 acres on Lake Michigan. All activities. Ken-  
tucky saddle horses. Expert instruction. No  
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### Camp Bryn Afon

Land o' Lakes  
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Private Lake. All land and water sports.  
Trails for Horseback Riding. Craft Studio.  
Screened Sleeping Bungalows with hardwood  
floors. Tenth Season. Girls 7 to 20. Staff  
of 30 College Women. Booklet.

LOTTA H. BROADBRIDGE  
The Palms, 1009 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

### Heigho For Camp!

**Y**ES, camp is just around the corner.  
What fun to talk about it! What fun  
to get ready. What fun to go. And of  
course when you get there you want to  
be the kind of girl whom everyone wants  
to have along. Can you really be that  
kind of girl? The answer is—Yes. And  
aside from the way you smile and act  
generally, there is probably nothing  
which makes a girl more welcome than  
her ability to cook a tempting dish over  
the camp fire. So here are a few recipes  
for you.

#### INDIAN LEMONADE

*Sbb—and other secrets of the wood*

Indian lemonade may be made from the  
red berries of the sumach by steeping  
them and adding sweetening. Poison  
sumach has white berries. Garden mint  
is not only used in other beverages, but  
may be steeped as tea. Verb buena, from  
the Pacific Coast, makes delicious tea  
when the leaves are steeped and sugar  
and lemonade are added. Bark of the  
sassafras shrub and beans of the spice-  
wood may be used for tea, and so may  
wintergreen leaves.

Pigweed may be used as greens and the  
seeds may be ground, mixed with corn  
meal and salt and steamed as mush. Field  
cress, leaves of lambs' quarter, chickweed,  
and dock and the young leaves of milk-  
weed may be cooked for greens, so may  
purslane and marsh marigold. Wild con-  
tributions to salad may be oxalis, water  
cress, sorrel and field cress, and shoots  
of cocklebur may be peeled and eaten  
like radishes or boiled and served with  
butter.

*And if you don't know Squaw Corn—  
try it when you go to camp*

Squaw corn requires a frying pan, a  
spoon, a knife and a board—as well as 8  
slices of bacon, 8 ears of green corn or  
2 cans of corn, 3 onions, salt and 8 slices  
of toast or crackers. Fry out your bacon.  
Peel onions and slice thin, and fry to a  
light brown. Add corn (if green corn,  
cut from cobs). Salt to taste. Fry until  
brown and serve on toast or crackers.

—From *Girl Scout Tramping and Trail-  
ing*, a new book soon to be published by  
the Girl Scouts.



### CAMP ARBUTUS for GIRLS

Thirteenth season. One-half mile of wooded shore  
on beautiful lake in Grand Traverse County, Michi-  
gan. Water Sports and Canoe Trips. Land Sports,  
Dramatics, Crafts, Photography, Nature Study,  
Dancing, Woodcraft, Rifle, Resident Physician.  
Experienced Counselors. Well-recommended girls  
from 10 to 18 accepted. Booklet.

Edith A. Steere, Camp Arbutus, Mayfield, Michigan

#### CAPE COD

### CAMP NOBSCUSSETT

Not an over-organized machine, but a  
happy, healthy family of girls. Basket-  
ball, Tennis, Baseball, Horseback Riding.  
Also all water sports. Expert counselors.  
Trips and sails to historic spots. Booklets.  
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Recreational Camp. Horseback riding, swim-  
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Separate Junior Camp. Normal and Profes-  
sional Course Theatre Arts. Booklet. 1140  
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### PINE KNOLL CAMP near Conway, N. H.

is one of the most beautiful and desirable  
among the many White Mountain Camps.  
Its splendid girls who Hike and Ride over  
our glorious mountain trails, who Swim—  
Paddle—Dance, enjoy Dramatics and all the  
other activities of our jolly "Three W's", find each summer day  
filled with pleasures to which they return year after year.  
Our catalog tells you all about it.

Mrs. Frances White Bucher, Nassau Place, Peekskill, N. Y.

### CAMP INTERLOCHEN

For Girls (Senior, Middle, Junior)  
INTERLOCHEN, MICHIGAN

200 acres Virgin pine between two beautiful lakes. Ex-  
ceptional equipment, all land and water sports. "A  
Friendly Camp for Friendly Girls"—Affiliated with  
Pavos Hall—The Pennington School for Girls—  
Romeo, Michigan. For information address Mrs. P. O.  
Pennington, 160 Tuxedo Ave., Detroit, Michigan.

**OKATOMI**—Camp for Girls. In the high hills of  
southern New York, 1900 feet elevation—Farm of 115  
Acres for fun and frolic. Arts and Crafts—Dramatics.  
All land sports and water sports. Hiking, Basket Ball,  
Tennis, Swimming, Canoeing, Aquaplaning, Archery.  
Address May R. Winans, 241 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

*A new game for camp—the Indians liked it as well as you will—*



# Camps around the World

(Continued from page 57)

the advance guard was attacked by hornets. Some girls managed to escape by covering themselves with their saris, but the few who could not get away plunged into the canal after their Captain, who saw no other escape. A tremendous splashing ensued, and a large number of the enemy floated away in the rapidly flowing current. Every time fresh reinforcements came up, the desperate splashing began again, but 'a Guide's a Guide for a' that, and after a time we emerged smiling and dripping, and set off for camp.

"Alas, the final day in camp came all too soon. After the morning routine we wandered about until the signal to start was given. This was followed by the *me-aow* of the peacocks, the *quack quack* of the ducks, the *quana quana* of the babblers, and the *twee twee* of the bulbuls, the respective cries of our patrols filling the lonely jungle with cheerful echoes."

Northward in Japan many girls went to their first camp last year. Miss Higaki, who represented Japan at the world camp at Camp Edith Macy last May, tells an interesting anecdote. Her girls came from homes where servants always did the marketing. When these girls reached camp they were accordingly amazed to find that part of their duties was to hike to a nearby village market and buy green vegetables. When they tried out this novel experience they became so entranced that they insisted on carrying the vegetables home unwrapped, so that they could look at them all the way! And *what* fun it was to cook them afterwards!

In Malta, often called *Fiore del Mondo*—Flower of the World—the Guides are especially fond of studying and caring for the almost endless variety of wild flowers. "During the cooler months we hike all over the island in the hope of discovering new beauties," writes a Guide. She adds, "We have our camping time, too, not in tents on account of the heat, but in old stone forts built in the time of the Knights of St. John. Our camp is called *Camp Andrée* in memory of Scout Andrée Clark, whose touching story was told us by our Island Commissioner, Miss Canadine."

Besides the longer letters, alluring fragments of news drift in. In Poland, for instance, Guides went to a camp in the beautiful Tatra Mountains. Here they had to drive or ride six miles there and back to get provisions, and at night had to post sentries because of the bears in the neighborhood! Imagine, too, Girl Guides camping in the heart of Africa! A contingent from Kimberley went into camp near Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, and their camp fires varied in style, we hear, "from the book of Hiawatha to the legends of Artemis."

Out in western Australia, Guiding and therefore camping is growing under difficulties due to the great distances between the towns. Three hundred miles between you and the next Guide company is considered a mere neighborly block or two! Even so—and you can

imagine some of the problems of gathering together a campful of girls—camping comes first in their hearts.

Guides in Constantinople last year changed their plans for camping in tents to a cruise on a house-boat and two yachts. The girls did all the cooking and other work, just as though they were in camp. British Guides in the Argentine held their first camp last year—and made their own jam for it, too! Just outside of Paris a twenty-four hour camp is held every spring and, for the huge camp fire, each troop prepares its stunt, just as we might do.

A similar spring festival is held in Denmark. "Here on the twenty-third of April, St. George's Day," a letter tells us, "all Girl Scouts meet together very early in the morning, near the sea or in the woods if possible, and if not, at least in a park where the girls can feel and see the spring time. There the girls who have joined the movement during the past year give the promise, and the leaders tell about the meaning of the day, and about the Girl Scouts all over the world who are joining hands in the promise. Then they send greetings to Girl Scout friends at home and abroad. Later, on the twenty-third of June, Saint Hans evening, the girls and boys from one of the divisions have a very big and beautiful camp fire together. The boys' headmaster gives a very serious speech, and the boys recite and then sing together the old ballads and songs. Afterwards the girls play scenes from a poem called *Saint Hans-night Play*, written more than a hundred years ago. When the play is finished, the girls and boys dance folk dances together, and then go home through the woods with flaming torches and music. The music is played on the *lurer*, the oldest instruments in Denmark—three thousand years old, and known from the time of sagas! The real *lurer*, found on the moor, are in the National Museum, but copies have been made and given the Girl Scouts."

Everywhere camping! "I think it is your American poet, Walt Whitman," writes one Girl Guide camper, "who has best expressed the beauty of the earth and of outdoor life!

*'Oh the gleesome saunter over fields and hill-sides,*

*The leaves and flowers of the commonest weeds, the moist fresh stillness of the woods.*

*The exquisite smell of earth at day-break, and all through the forenoon. . . .*

*Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,*

*It is to grow in the open air and to eat and sleep with the earth.'*"

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE AMERICAN GIRL thanks all Girl Scout and Girl Guide leaders and girls whose letters have helped to make up this story of international camping. Still other letters must be held over for later issues. We wish that space permitted us to give the names of all these helpful friends both in this country and in many lands abroad.

## A Camp Directory for you



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### Camp Merriwyn

Lake Plantagenet

An ideal eight weeks' camp for girls in Northern Minnesota. Miss Prudence Merriman, Director, 405 Blackhawk Apt., Janesville, Wisconsin.

### Tashmo

On Lake Tashmo

yard Sound, Martha's Vineyard Id., Mass. 60 acres with Lake and Sea frontage for 25 girls, warm bathing, sailing, bungalows with dressing rooms and lavatories. Horseback riding included in \$300 fee. The Director is a mother who knows how to take care of girls and make them happy. Send for Booklet.

Mrs. Wilfrid O. White

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### CAMP WAWANOCK FOR GIRLS

Christian, cultural. Features Riding, Aquatics, Arts & Crafts, Dramatics, Folk and Aesthetic Dancing. Excellent equipment for forty girls. For illustrated booklet, apply to

MRS. D. E. ANDREWS

Damariscotta Lake

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### ECOLE CHAMPLAIN

French Camp for girls 8-18, at Macdonough Point, Lake Champlain, July and August. 150 acres, with one and one-half mile shore front, landlocked bay, safe beaches, athletic field, farm dairy and gardens, saddle horses. Native French associates and specially trained councillors promote the easy, rapid acquisition of French by direct, natural methods. Swimming, diving, canoeing, tennis, track, riding, mountain trips.

EDWARD D. COLLINS, Director, Middlebury, Vt.

### Come to "Camp Mary White"

High up in the rugged mountains of Eastern New Mexico. A unique and educational western camp for registered Girl Scouts and Leaders. July 2 to 16, 1927. Write MARY L. WHITE, Roswell, New Mexico for full information.

### To Parents

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THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book

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Fay Welch tells how to play it in the April "American Girl"

## SELL CANDY! BIG PROFIT!

Easy Way to Make Money for Your Troop; or Earn Camp Expenses

*There is Nothing Like our Exceptional Plan for variety, prices, and terms*

**WE** HAVE over 100 different five cent items, including all the standard brands like, Peter's, Nestle's, Hershey's, Mason's, Repetti, Planter's, etc., together with many new, out-of-ordinary candies. Imagine chocolate covered Hazelnuts, Walnuts, Almonds, Pineapple Rolls, Cherries, Figs, Dates,—delicious and healthful. These are packed 24's at the exceptional low price of \$.75 per box, bringing \$1.20.

The minimum order is 20 boxes, shipped F. O. B. New York (express not paid because of advantageous prices and terms). We include free samples with each order and offer a 2% discount if bill is paid within ten days, otherwise you may remit within thirty days. Try our special Girl Scout Assortment of 20 boxes which costs \$15.00, brings \$24.00. You'll be surprised how easy the candy sells.

*Complete Price list upon request. Ask your captain to write for it.*

**[Camp Directors. Our camp service department saves you money. Details gladly furnished.]**

**CHARLES  
SCHAUMBURGER**

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We Have It*

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Or if you are getting two copies—won't you please write that on a post card and mail it to

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## The Thing That Counts

(Continued from page 16)

Renée, Laurence, Yvonne, Julie—all good girls, not too clever. Little Elise is younger than you—just thirteen, but very *charmante*. There is also a group of older girls that you will not have much to do with. That is, all except poor Germaine.

"Poor Germaine?" echoed Nan. "Why, what is the matter with her?"

"But everything, child," said Mlle. Dollet sadly. "When she was a baby she was in a fire and she was burned so that she cannot ever walk. She is a brilliant child, the most brilliant of all, but her misfortune has made her very bitter."

Mlle. Dollet was right. Indeed, Germaine Lagarde was at that very moment indulging her bitterness at the expense of the new American pupil who was to be thrust upon them.

"What do we want with Americans?" she asked the circle of girls about her. "They hang their dollars all over them until they resemble the window of a shop."

"But how do you know, Germaine?" asked Elise. "None of us has ever met one. I'm dying to see her, *moi*."

"Die not, you will see her," retorted Germaine. "Indeed, the way she will flash around we shall see nothing else. However, perhaps I can teach her to keep her place. Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? Certainly Nan had no hint of the animosity with which she was received into the Dollet Academy for Young Ladies. With the exception of Germaine and Elise the girls were polite, if not cordial. Germaine ignored Nan completely, and Elise adored her openly.

"I know I shall love you," the little French girl whispered into her ear that evening as they were saying good night.

It seemed to her to be the middle of the night when she was awakened by a shadowy apparition in a dressing gown.

"Gracious," Nan sat bolt upright, "is something wrong?"

"But no," smiled her visitor. "It is to please arise. This is the morning custom."

"Well, 'this' is one queer custom," murmured Nan, shivering, "But if I must get up I must. Where's the bath?"

"You mean perhaps the 'tub'?" Yvette answered, giving the English word a comical pronunciation. "Well, it is not for to-day. Each other day arrives the gentleman with hot water for the bath. It is very English."

"I think it's Greek," Nan looked at her wildly. "Can't I wash?"

"Oh, but certainly," Yvette yawned, stretched and stood up. "Your turn is eleven. Come, you will see."

Nan's turn was indeed "eleven" and she discovered that she had to stand guard over it or twelve would go her one better and get ahead of her! After that it did not surprise her unduly to find that she must sweep and dust her half of the room as well as make her own bed, although she was surprised that this should have to be accomplished by candle light and before even the "little" breakfast.

And my, how little that little breakfast was—a cup of *café au lait*, a roll and a little saucer of marmalade. And no butter!

"And now, *mesdemoiselles*, to your classes," said a teacher briskly. "Nan, please come with me."

Nan was led to a large room in which five girls were already assembled. On the platform stood an anaemic and near-sighted young man.

"Professor, this is the new pupil, Mlle. Nan Clausson. You remember, the American."

"This is your desk," Mlle. Jacques continued. "It is the Latin class. You have had one year, is it not?"

Nan assured her that it was and took the place indicated. To her amazement Mlle. Jacques did not leave the classroom but sat down in a far corner of it instead. And when she drew a ball of yarn from her pocket and began to knit, Nan's amazement doubled.

After the class was over she asked her neighbor, Jeanne Bonnet, about it. But Jeanne blushed, and began to cry.

"She makes mock of me," she sobbed into her handkerchief, while the other girls clustered about her. "She makes mock of me and of the professor."

At her first opportunity she asked Yvette what it was all about.

"Well, that stupid Jeanne is in love with the professor," explained Yvette scornfully. "Of course he has never even looked at her."

"How do you know?" asked Nan bewildered.

"Oh, she tells us all about it," yawned Yvette. "She loves to talk about him. I think she is foolish, don't you?"

"Well, I should say I do," cried Nan vigorously. "Is that why Mlle. Jacques has to stay in the classroom during our lesson?"

"Goodness, no," Yvette stared at Nan. "We always have a teacher in the room when a professor is lecturing. That is only *comme il faut*."

Nan had no more time to ponder the question then, for mathematics followed Latin, and chemistry came right after that. Just as she was beginning to feel decidedly hollow inside, the large breakfast was announced. To her relief, this was a delicious and substantial meal. After the repast there was half an hour for recreation, and then came deportment.

"Deportment," echoed Nan, "what can they mean by that?"

"We would scarcely expect you to know, Mlle. Clausson."

"And why not, pray?" she retorted.

"Because," laughed Germaine, "deportment is an unknown quantity in America. It is neither taught nor practiced."

"Some things do not have to be taught to be practiced," said Nan quickly. However, as soon as she had spoken she was sorry. It wasn't fair to hit back at a helpless person. Impetuously she laid her hand on Germaine's shoulder.

"Don't be angry," she said in a low voice. "I didn't mean that."

*Night on Evil Island, the soft dip of a canoe paddle—then thrills!*

"I am not angry," Germaine laughed shrilly as she wheeled herself away.

Mlle. Dollet herself had charge of the class in deportment. It was evident that it was a serious matter to her as well as to the forty assembled students. The subject of her lecture was, "How to behave at a formal dinner."

"And now," concluded Mlle. Dollet at the end of half an hour, "we will put what I have been teaching you into practice, as usual. Ten of you will sit about this table; five will take the parts of young gentlemen and five of young ladies."

Mlle. Dollet called ten names and Nan flushed hotly when she heard her own among them. She hardly knew what it was all about. Awkwardly she made her way to the table and sat down in the seat Mlle. Dollet indicated. But the teacher reproved her quickly. "Do not fall into your chair like that. Glide into it slowly, child. Yvette, show Nan."

Yvette demonstrated gracefully without a hint of embarrassment and Nan flushed fiery red as she attempted to emulate the other girl. Just as she was about to sit down her foot slipped and she grasped the seat of the chair.

"Ah, never do that, never!" cried Mlle. Dollet, with real pain in her tones. "Never touch the chair or the table when sitting down. Try again, Nan."

Nan tried again. This time Mlle. Dollet allowed her to remain seated, although she pronounced the effort only fair.

"Now then," continued the head teacher, "the young ladies turn to their escorts on the right and engage them in conversation."

Nan turned. Next to her sat Germaine.

"I-er-ho, this is the bunk, isn't it?" stammered Nan.

"You are very awkward," said Germaine roundly. "As you see, there are some things money cannot buy."

Nan flushed and turned away.

"For example," continued Germaine in a low voice, "good taste and breeding—money cannot buy these. Family—money cannot buy that. Refinement—money is of no help there. And those, Mlle. Clausson, are the things that count."

Late that night Nan lay in her bed and wondered. Again and again she heard the cutting words, and saw Germaine's angry eyes as she spoke. Why was the little cripple so bitter toward her, she asked herself. It wasn't what Germaine said, it was the hatred that lay behind her foolish words that troubled Nan. Could she have done anything to hurt her feelings? Nan's face burned with humiliation at the possibility. Imagine wounding that poor little creature. Impulsively Nan sat up, slipped into her dressing gown and tiptoed to the door. She knew where Germaine's room was—she would ask her at once.

Stealthily she stole into the hall and down the stairs. Germaine slept on the ground floor so as to make it easy for her to get about. Nan tiptoed past the room of Marie, the cook, and laid her hand on the door knob of Germaine's room. Just as she was about to turn it

she stopped, spell-bound. Some one was in that room talking. A man! Nan pressed her ear against the door.

"No more nonsense," said the man's voice curtly. "Show me where is hidden the silver. Also yesterday there arrived an American. She has jewels—all Americans have jewels. Take me to her room quietly and I will not hurt you. Otherwise. . ."

"I cannot walk," Nan noticed that Germaine's voice scarcely trembled. "I am a cripple. I know nothing of the silver, I have seen no jewels. Perhaps the American is poor."

"Poor—an American!" the man's low laugh was harsh. "If you have not seen the jewels it is that they are hidden in her trunk. I will soon find them. And the silver of Mlle. Dollet is very fine—the whole country knows that. Come, no more nonsense, get up and take me to where it is hidden."

"I have told you I cannot walk."

"So," the man's voice was a hiss, "we will perform a miracle then, young lady. First a shot into the mattress to show you I mean business. No—they will not hear—the pistol has a silencer. Then after the shot in the mattress. . ."

Nan peeped through the keyhole—the window was at the foot of Germaine's bed and the burglar was straddling it. Gathering herself together, she turned the knob quickly and flung herself into the room—and hurled herself at the body of the astounded thief who lost his hold at the impact and tumbled on to the grass outside.

Then, suddenly, Nan felt as she often had in her worst nightmare as though she were falling down a bottomless well, and was afraid she would strike bottom, and was afraid she never would. There were roaring waters in the well, and loud, menacing noises, and there was a burning hole in her shoulder as though she had been stabbed. Then the noises grew softer, and the pain duller, and she opened her eyes and saw that she was in bed, and that anxious eyes were bent over her.

"She knew me." It couldn't be Germaine's voice that held that ecstatic note of relief! "She did, mademoiselle. She smiled."

"She is a very brave girl." It was Mlle. Dollet's voice now, and Nan marveled at its softness.

"Oh, mademoiselle, I had been so mean to her—you can't imagine. I don't know why. I can never forgive myself. And then to think that she saved my life, and got wounded badly for me. . . Please, please, the doctor says—she will get well?"

"She will get well, Germaine, of a certainty. But why was she coming to your room in the middle of the night?"

Nan wasn't quite herself or she wouldn't have answered as she did.

"For a—a lesson in deportment," she said feebly.

"A lesson in deportment," Germaine's voice held tears. "Did you hear her, mademoiselle? As though she hadn't all the deportment she will ever need. She is so brave, so fine, so good. . ."

"That is the thing that counts," murmured Mlle. Dollet.



Mary has a "magic purse." Every time she opens it she finds some money inside. Wouldn't you like one, too?

## Are You a Mary Daw?

*She Has Money to Spend When She Wants It!*

"It's a perfect beauty!" cried Mary. "Coming to you, too!" smiled the obliging clerk.

"But—oh, Mary!" said her mother. "Just look at the price tag! It is lovely, dear! But hadn't we planned something less expensive. . .?"

Then it was that Mary surprised the clerk, and surprised her mother, and nearly surprised herself.

"Why, Mother," she spoke up, "I can pay the difference on this dress myself, with my GIRLS' CLUB dollars."

—And she took five of them from her purse.

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"Roselle of the North" reveals more mystery in the next number





## Going to Camp ?

OF COURSE you are—even if there are a thousand things you've just got to have, and don't know how you are going to manage it. Perhaps it's a flashlight you need most. Or a new sweater. Or a slicker. Why not earn these by being an American Girl representative in your locality and looking after new and renewal subscriptions?

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## The Decision of the Gods

(Continued from page 21)

Dupont street, she discovered several worshippers at their devotions. However, their heads were bowed to the floor and their eyes closed, and they didn't see her. They were so deeply absorbed in their New Year's prayer, that they were not aware of her presence, and so, with the ingenuity born of desperation, she did what no adult Chinese would dare to do, even if it were possible—slipped noiselessly through the hole in the side of the Joss, the silken curtain falling back in place again and hiding her completely."

Wong Chow paused for a moment, as a troubled look came into his eyes.

"I had not thought of that before," he said, shaking his head. "This is the New Year festival; incense will be burned in the Joss at sundown. Sing Lee will be discovered!"

"But this is merely surmise, friend Wong Chow," said Mrs. Westbrook. "You have no positive proof that Sing Lee is concealed there."

"Sweet lady with the roses in her cheeks and the lilies in her hair," said the fruit seller, lapsing into his most flowery language, "pardon thy servant for saying that thou art mistaken. In leaving the holy room last night I placed two large oranges on the platform near the hole. No worshipper among my people would remove them from so sacred a place and yet, when I went to my devotions this morning, they were gone!"

"Friend Wong Chow, you are a good man! You have been a real friend to poor Sing Lee in her trouble. I must get the unfortunate girl out of her hiding place and care for her myself in the future. She shall have a good home, she shall go to school, she shall be given every advantage in life that an American girl enjoys."

"Then she must be got away from the Joss House without delay."

The fruit seller broke off abruptly and, pointing toward the doorway of a much-decorated building a few yards down the street, he exclaimed:

"Behold, White Governess!—Sam Woo, the shoemaker, is even now entering the house of the Tong. That is he—the evil-looking fellow with the strap in his hand. Ah! could he have found out about the little girl?"

Mrs. Westbrook glanced about just in time to see a short heavy-set Chinaman walk under the great lanterns that hung in the arched doorway.

"There is no time to lose now, dear lady," went on the fruit seller, hastily. And then, beckoning to a young man on the other side of the narrow street, he called out: "Here, San Long! *Kong He Faw Choy!* Look after my business for a short time. I go with the White Governess to the Joss House."

As the missionary, carrying her sack of oranges, hurried with her companion toward the Chinese society, she asked him how they could manage to obtain Sing Lee's freedom.

"Lady of lovable nature, I have a plan," answered Wong Chow, smiling

thoughtfully. "I believe that it will prove successful. I depend upon Sing Lee's cleverness to help me out."

In another moment or two they were up the stairs and, brushing aside the heavy embroidered curtains which hung in the doorway, had entered the sacred temple of the Chinese gods. The chamber was dimly lighted with red, green and yellow candles surrounding the hideous, grinning wooden idol seated cross-legged on a platform at the farthest end of the place opposite the doorway.

The shoemaker was standing in the middle of the room, his ugly face distorted with anger. A tall, white-gowned Chinese was confronting him, indignation shooting from his eyes. Before the shrine of the image knelt three other Chinese, gazing up with evident displeasure at the godless men who had interrupted their devotions. As the fruit seller and Mrs. Westbrook appeared upon the scene, the white-gowned worshipper was saying, wrathfully:

"We know nothing of thy Sing Lee, dog of a shoemaker! Art thou an infidel that thou dost insult this holy temple with thy unwelcome language? Go—! She is not here."

"She is here, I tell you!" cried the angry Sam Woo. "She ran up the stairway of the building last night and disappeared into this room."

"The good Joss has swallowed her to save her from you," broke in Wong Chow, stepping forward. "Fan Kee Shang," he continued, addressing the tall dignitary, "it is true that the girl did enter the temple last evening to escape unjust punishment from this brutal guardian. It being on the eve of the New Year, when the gods permit no violence to the young, the good Joss swallowed up the girl, Sing Lee, to save her from her persecutor. Such must have been the case, for it is known that the instant she set foot within the temple she vanished. Thou canst plainly see—and thou, too, foolish shoemaker—that there is no place for even an infant to hide within this holy chamber. And hark ye, my countrymen, I bring with me the White Governess, whom all of us know and honor—for is she not a true friend of our people?—and she would offer care and protection to the orphaned child if the gods should deem it best to restore Sing Lee to earth. And now, down before our Joss, respected and beloved friends, and listen to the prayer of Wong Chow, the fruit seller."

Wong Chow dropped upon his knees before the wooden deity. The man in the white gown did likewise. Then all of the worshippers bowed their foreheads to the floor, with closed eyes. Overcome with superstitious fear, the shoemaker, after an instant's hesitation, followed the example of the others. Mrs. Westbrook, standing with her back to the curtained doorway, watched the spectacle. The fruit seller's voice rose from the group in a monotonous sing-song manner.

"Oh, gods of our people," he said, "on this day there is a great boon that

(Continued on page 65)

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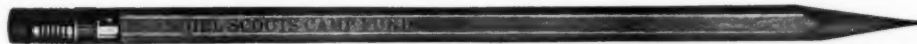
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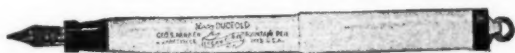
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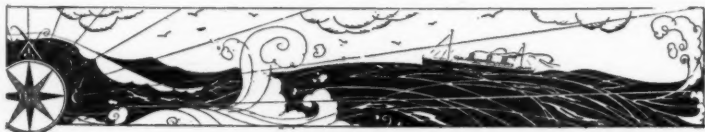
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## THE AMERICAN GIRL HONOR ROLL

This month we honor  
A Lone Girl Scout here in America  
and her friends in England



MARTHA EVEREST is a Lone Girl Scout in Lake Odessa, Michigan. The girl in the center of the picture is her English Girl Guide correspondent in our International Post Box. And—yes—she is reading aloud to her camp friends from *The American Girl*! From where the girls camped on the cliffs of Dover, they could look across to France. It gives us a real thrill, doesn't it, to think of the girls there with *The American Girl*.

These English Girl Guides might never have heard of our magazine had it not been for Martha. And so we place her on our March International Honor Roll—and the Girl Guides, too, because they had the picture taken for this issue.



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Laugh and Grow Scout

### The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month

#### Scratch

A Girl Scout who had just returned from Egypt was telling her best friend, a Tenderfoot, about the pyramids and other wonders. Some of the stones she said were covered with hieroglyphics.

"I hope," said the Tenderfoot anxiously, "that you didn't get any of them on you."—Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout" by RUTH FAITSCH, New Haven, Connecticut.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Between Guide and Scout

(American Girl Scouts wore knickers in the international camp in England. The Girl Guides wore skirts.)

GIRL GUIDE to GIRL SCOUT: Your knickers are ripping!

GIRL SCOUT: Where?—Sent by JEANIE GUTTERSEN, White Bear, Minn.

### All in the Point of View

"Officaire! Officaire!" sputtered an excited Frenchman, just come over, to the burly policeman on the curb. "Which is ze opposite side of ze street?"

"Why, over there, of course," replied the astonished cop as he waved his hand.

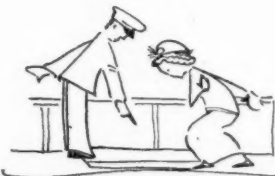
"Zat's what I thought," replied the bewildered Frenchman, "but a man over there told me zis was the opposite side."—From JUNIOR WORLD.

### How to tell Him?

An Englishman hearing a screech owl for the first time inquired of an American what it was.

"An owl", replied the American. "I know", admitted the Englishman, "but who's 'owling'?"—Sent by JANE POPE, Hollywood, Calif.

### Heroes All



"And this," said the guide pointing to a slab on the deck, "is where the gallant captain fell!"

"No wonder," exclaimed an old lady. "I nearly slipped on it myself."—Sent by VIVIAN GRESLEY, Manchester, N. H.

A deserted house, a feast, a mysterious stranger—and Midge



## Decision of the Gods

(Continued from page 62)

we would ask of thee. If thou dost think it best that the young girl, Sing Lee, remain with thee among thy flowers in the moon, whither thou hast just taken her, then we praise thee for thy kindness to the orphaned and rejoice that she, whose short life has been a sad one, is now happy at last in the garden of the gods. But if thou dost see fit to send the little girl back to earth, to begin life anew with the blessed New Year—a sweet, contented life in the house of the White Governess, and free forever from her former gloomy surroundings—then shall we thank thee with all our hearts, and bring thee many sacrifices. We await thy decision, O gods of our people!"

Then, while the worshippers remained silent before the shrine, their eyes closed and their foreheads pressed to the floor, the missionary saw the small silken curtain, which covered the opening in the side of the Joss, move gently to one side.

A bright little yellow face came out first, then two small arms, then a small form clothed in a soiled green blouse and purple pantaloons, and lastly two bare feet.

Sing Lee had grasped the situation just as the fruit seller had expected. With a swift glance of delight and gratitude at Mrs. Westbrook, her benefactress, the girl stepped bravely to the front of the platform and squatted down, with folded arms, before the Joss.

Then it was that the redoubtable Wong Chow raised his head from the floor and cried out:

"O gods of our people, O sons of the moon, we thank thee for the restoration of Sing Lee!"

Up came the heads of the other Chinamen, and, upon observing the little girl squatting there in front of them, they broke into exclamations of wonder and awe. They were the witnesses of a miracle!

The White Governess knew that the time had come to act. She walked forward to the platform and caught Sing Lee's hand in her own as she said:

"Come with me, little one. Your troubles are over. You shall no longer be so unhappy."

Sam Woo sprang to his feet, unable to restrain his anger and disappointment.

"The girl is mine!" he exclaimed. "Tis against the laws of our people to take her from her guardian."

"For shame, shoemaker!" said Fan Lee Shang, he of the white gown, from his place on the floor. "The gods have withdrawn the girl, Sing Lee, from thee and awarded her to the White Governess. Down on thy knees and crave their pardon for thy cruelty to her and for thy desecration of the New Year!"

"Down! Down!" cried the other Chinamen, including Wong Chow, whose voice rang out above the voices of his companions.

"In me the girl has lost a father!" blurted out Sam Woo, as he reluctantly fell to his knees.

"But she has found a home," said the White Governess, gently.



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## Over the Seas and Far Away

(Continued from page 25)

the road, not in the least hampered in their play by their long skirts!

In the suburbs of Naples, on our return just at sunset, we were much interested to see how the milk trade is carried on. No milk bottles are used—the patient cow is driven along the street and milked at every house.

As I looked back on the boys and girls that we saw on our "adventure," I have a feeling that many of them were not very happy, some of them were very poor, most of them need to be taught that begging is not the way to get money. And I cannot help thinking that they need to know about Scouting. Some

day, perhaps, they will be able to have it, with our big International growth and with the help we can all give each other.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Edey and Mrs. Lloyd were planning a trip to the Mediterranean countries when this article was first suggested. "I wish I could take a shipload of Girl Scouts with me," Mrs. Edey said. "Wouldn't it be fun sailing up and down the blue Mediterranean?"

"But if you will write of what you see for THE AMERICAN GIRL, that will be the next best thing," Helen Ferris suggested. "And Mrs. Lloyd could write us a poem."

And that is how this story came about.

Don't miss this rollicking boarding-school story in April

## Through a Hidden Window

(Continued from page 28)

and Lolita laid a mysterious finger across her lips. "If Doña Marta finds us—oooh," and she rolled back her eyes. "So quickly tell me about yourself. We arrange for you to come again when Doña Marta is at *siesta*, or the shops. Every day."

"My name is Jeanne Marie Dubilier. I am French, and my father and mother,"—but she could not say the words.

"I know, I know," murmured Lolita sympathetically, "I too am *huerfano*, orphan—and my brother he is killed by revolutionists in Brazil, and I am left all alone. And so they bring me here in prison," and she swept a hand around the fairy garden, "and I, Lolita Jimenez de la O, must live so till I come of age. Nearly two years more to wait," and she sighed, "should I not die of loneliness the meanwhiles. All because they fear I shall be kidnapped for the moneys—wicked cousins down there in South America, bad people here."

And so they talked. For two years Lolita had not been out of the house and the garden, except twice in a closed limousine, with the shades drawn down so that she could see nothing and Jeanne told of her father and mother who, she believed, still lived.

"How wonderful. Let us look for them. I shall have the Señor Americano try who comes to see me sometimes. His name is Señor Kentwood. He is my lawyer and my guardian."

A clock chimed from the house. The Latin-American girl sprang to her feet. "Doña Marta will be waking from her *siesta*," she whispered. "It is better you go. Can you to climb up again?" she waited anxiously.

"I am afraid," faltered Jeanne, "It is harder to ascend upwards than to descend downwards."

"I will let the little señorita through the little green service door," a low, pleasant voice spoke behind them. The two girls flashed about.

"Ay, *mi vida*, how you startled me, José," Lolita was pale. "José," she looked pleadingly at him, "do not speak of the young lady, my little friend, will you?"

José smiled at his young mistress. "I have seen nothing, señorita, except the young lady descending the *escalera*! But if she come again at the same hour she may enter by the little green door."

"Oh, José, *lo mas amable*—" but in the midst of the murmured thanks Jeanne was seized by the hand and led swiftly around a hedge towards the house, through a passage, and before she knew it was standing in a sultry city street.

Sibyl Kentwood, glowing from an afternoon on the tennis courts, was returning from uptown New York. She found her eyes resting involuntarily on a delicately lovely girl seated across from her in the subway.

At Times Square the girl rose to go. As it was her station Sibyl rose too. Following the girl to the crowded plat-

form she saw that she was about to enter an express train on the other side. Someone was pressing against Sibyl from behind. She could hear a short, half-sobbing breath, and she stepped aside just as the door of the express train closed inexorably in the face of a small woman who beat upon it with her fists.

"My girl—my girl—there!" sobbed the woman, pointing at the dark haired girl whom Sibyl had been admiring.

The girl stood within, unconscious of being observed, her delicate, almost childish profile clearly outlined for the moment against a dark window behind. The train with gathering speed flashed out of sight, and the little woman who had tried to enter and who had run along beating at the door, now stood motionless, arms outstretched after the receding lights.

"Now what did that mean?" Sibyl was stirred by the incident. It made a deep impression on her—a brief vivid picture which she did not forget. That had been in the spring. Summer had come and the Kentwoods were still in the city. Her father had been detained by some troublesome cases. Neither Sibyl nor her mother would go away without him.

So Sibyl swam at the ocean beaches early in the mornings, and played on the roof of the apartment house. Just before dinner one evening, when a shower had brought a breath of relief to the gasping city, she was enjoying both a game of handball and a wonderfully lovely sunset. A too vigorous toss and the ball went over a tiled parapet, with Sibyl as closely after it as though she had been attached by a string.

But the ball bounded up from the next roof, to shoot gracefully over a high wall and disappear. So it was that Lolita Jimenez de la O and Jeanne Marie Dubilier, seated on a marble bench beside a tinkling fountain, were startled as a great leather ball came crashing down almost at their feet.

That was but the first surprise. Looking up they saw far above them, shining in the golden sunset, a yellow head peering far over the edge of the roof-top. Almost immediately the head was followed by shoulders and an athletic body that backed over the parapet, clinging to the worthy water drain. Down and down, while the girls below gasped for breath.

"I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to intrude but—" Sibyl was trying to explain against the deluge of talk and admiring chatter.

"Hush, hush, Doña Marta!" Lolita laid a sudden hand firmly over Sibyl's mouth, another tardy one over her own.

"She is out. She has gone to take a turn in the shopping *distrito*," reassured José.

"*Mi duenna*," explained Lolita to Sibyl, making a little face.

The three girls stood now regarding one another. Turning from Lolita to Jeanne, Sibyl stopped short. An instantaneous wave of memory swept over her.

A train pulling out from a subway platform. A woman with outstretched arms running after it.

"Why, why, I have seen you before. On the subway, one day in the spring. And I thought you were so beautiful. I could not keep from staring. You must have thought me rude!"

"She is be-you-oo-ti-ful!" Lolita broke in rapturously. "And she is my onlee friend. Unless you too will be."

The Spanish girl spoke rapidly. "If you will only come again,—what is your name? Sibyl. How pretty! Jeanne will bring you. She will show you the way."

José appeared, "Doña Marta is at the door. Quick, señoritas." A car was driving rapidly up the street as the girls slipped out of the little green door. A stern finger laid over his lips, José closed it quickly.

Jeanneturned first, "My name is Jeanne Dubilier," she said rapidly, "Lolita is Lolita Jimenez de la O. Neither of us had any friends until I opened a closed window in my room and found that garden down there where she was. I am afraid to let my aunt know. So you must not come to my house, but if you will tell me where to meet you in three days—on a Thursday—at two o'clock while Doña Marta is at *siesta*, I will come."

"My name is Sibyl Kentwood, and I live in this same square. And I have something to tell you that I saw—"

Jeanne clutched her arm, "Thursday then," she murmured, "please cross the street. My aunt—" They had rounded the corner, and Sibyl saw descending the steps of one of the brown stone fronts a tall, good-looking woman. Jeanne walked rapidly ahead without any further word and Sibyl found herself automatically crossing the street.

"Who is that you were talking to?" Madame Dubilier questioned Jeanne.

"She just wanted to know the way," Jeanne replied quietly.

Madame Dubilier looked momentarily appeased, then the frown between her eyes deepened. Things were worrying her. There was some trouble that Jeanne did not know about. A letter from a lawyer's office had come that morning. Jeanne had begun to read the name and address in the upper left hand corner, thinking that it was from one of their cosmetic clients, when Madame had snatched the letter from her hand, snapping, "What do you mean by reading my mail?"

A weight of great depression seemed to drag upon Jeanne as she climbed the stairs. She had felt so lighthearted that morning. Actually happy. As though something wonderful were about to happen to her. She had felt, and tears of disillusionment filled her eyes, as if perhaps her dear mama were near her, or that she would learn something wonderful. Now she was filled with a strange sense of foreboding.

Jeanne Marie felt that something was going to happen—and it did. That night in the moonlit garden, whispers, a rustle of silk, and—adventure!

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## When Stamps are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

EGYPT recently founded a new business city on the Suez Canal directly opposite Port Said and named it Port Fuad after the king. In honor of the event, a special stamp was placed on sale to be available to the public for two days only.

The day before the stamps were issued a huge throng lined up outside the solitary post office of Port Fuad and, after waiting all night, the people started to fight their way inside just as the doors opened. A serious riot followed and many persons were injured.

Those who were lucky enough to buy stamps were able to reap an immediate profit because the stamp sold for more than five times its face value later in the day. The stamp is now selling in Europe for more than fifty dollars.

We learn that a new postage stamp is on order for the British colony of Barbados. It is to be red and of one penny denomination, and will be printed on script watermarked paper. The design will carry two vignettes, one of King Charles I and the other of King George V. The stamp is being issued to commemorate the tercentenary of the founding of the colony of Barbados.

A new issue of surface printed bi-colored stamps has appeared in Tanganyika Territory, which was formerly German East Africa but was taken by the British in 1918. It is administered under a mandate from the League of Nations by a British Governor.

The design of the new stamp carries the king's head in the center, the border being the same as the Nyasaland type. On the left hand side of the stamp, reading up, is the word *Postage* and balancing this on the right, reading down, is the word *Revenue*. The inscription across the stamp reads *Mandated Territory of Tanganyika*. The stamps are all on script watermarked paper. The issue consists of fifteen values, from five cents to one pound. All the stamps are printed in black in combination with one other color, some being black and green, some black and purple, and so on.

In this column last month I told you about the special postage stamp which Australia is soon going to issue in connection with the opening of the new Federal Parliament at Canberra. The stamp will probably be placed on sale throughout Australia on May 9th, and a very interesting addition to any stamp collection will be an envelope mailed in Australia on this day. The stamp will surely be scarce, which means that it will rise in value rapidly. The Editor is now making the necessary arrangements to help readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL secure one of these envelopes. If you would like to have one, write me at once and I will send you the details. Because of the long time it takes to send a letter to Australia it is necessary for me to hear from you very soon.

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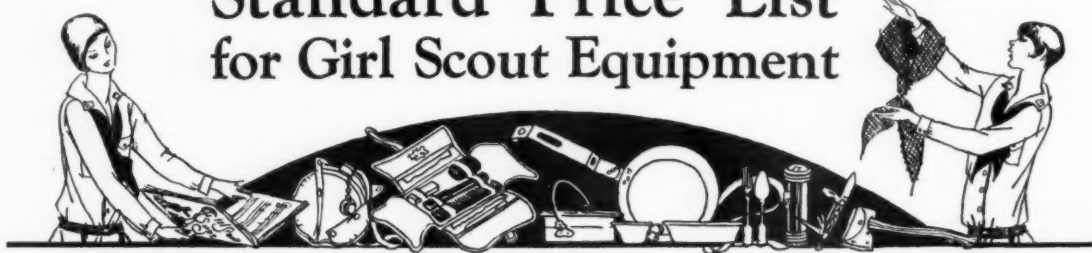
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# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment



Effective March 1, 1927

Uniforms		
	Size	Price
Long Coat.....	10-18	\$3.65
	38-44	4.15
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70
	38-44	5.20
Skirt.....	10-44	2.10
Bloomers.....	10-44	1.85
Knickers.....	10-44	2.15
Middy—Official khaki.....	10-42	1.75
Norfolk Suit—Officer's		
Khaki, lightweight	32-44	8.00
Serge.....	32-44	38.00
Hat, Officer's.....	6¾-8	4.00
Hat, Girl Scout's.....	6½-8	1.60
Web Belt.....	28-38	.65
	40-46	.75
Leather for Officers.....	28-38	2.75
	40-42	3.00
Neckerchiefs, each.....		.45
Bandeaux (to match		
neckerchiefs), each.....		.45
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.		
Black Silk.....		2.00
Green Silk.....		2.00
Yellow Slickers.....	10	3.75
	12	4.00
	14-20	5.00
Sweaters—Brown and		
Green Heather		
Coat Model.....	32-40	8.00
Slipover Model.....	32-40	7.00

## Badges

	Price
† Attendance Stars	
Gold.....	\$0.20
Silver.....	.15
† First Class Badge.....	.25
† Flower Crests.....	.15
† *Life Saving Crosses	
Silver.....	1.75
Bronze.....	1.50
† Proficiency Badges.....	.15
† Second Class Badge.....	.15
† *Thanks Badge	
Heavy gold plate with bar.....	3.00
10K Gold Pin.....	5.00
Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
Silver Plate.....	.75

## Insignia

	Price
† Armband.....	\$0.15
† Corporal's Chevron.....	.10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat).....	.50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts.....	.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron.....	.15

## Pins

	Price
† Brownie.....	\$0.25
† Committee.....	.75
† *Community Service.....	.35
† *Golden Eaglet.....	1.50
† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	.50
† Tenderfoot Pins	
10K Gold (safety catch).....	3.00
Gold Filled (safety catch).....	.75
New plain type.....	.15
Old style plain pin.....	.08
Midget gold filled.....	.50
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform	
Senior Girl Scout Pin.....	.75

## Songs

	Price
America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05
Are You There?.....	.10
Enrollment.....	.10
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout.....	.15
First National Training School.....	.25
Girl Guide.....	.60
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50
Girl Scout Songs	
Vocal Booklet.....	.10
Piano Edition.....	.30
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04
Lots of 10 or more.....	.03
Goodnight.....	.15
Hiking On.....	.30
Oh, Beautiful Country.....	.05
On the Trail:	
Piano Edition.....	.40
Midget Size.....	.05
Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Onward.....	.15
To America.....	.25

## Flags

American Flags			
Size	Material		Price
2x3 ft.	Wool.....		\$2.80
3x5 ft.	Wool.....		3.60
4x6 ft.	Wool.....		4.60
† Troop Flags			
Size	Material	Price	Lettering
2 x 3 ft.	Wool.....	\$2.60	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool.....	4.20	15c " "
3 x 5 ft.	Wool.....	5.75	20c " "
4 x 6 ft.	Wool.....	8.50	20c " "
† Troop Pennants			
			Price
Lettered with any Troop No. ....			\$1.50
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.			

## † G. S. Felt Emblems

	Price
3x4.....	35c
4x5.....	40c
6x7.....	45c
7x10.....	55c

## Signal Flags

Flag Set complete..... \$0.75

### Includes:

1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed 6-ft. Staff	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy Web Carrying case	
1 pr. of Semaphore Flags including Sticks and Carrying Case	.50
1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with Jointed Staff and Carrying Case	.60
1 pr. of Morse Code Flags without Jointed Flagstaff or Carrying Case	.25

## Staves

1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral G. S. Emblem.....	\$6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.50
G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.70
Eagle Emblem—separate.....	2.60
Spear Emblem—separate.....	1.60
Flag Carrier.....	2.60

## Literature

	Price
Brown Book for Brown Owls.....	\$0.50
Brownie Books.....	.25
Brownie Game Book.....	.50
Brown Magic for Brown Owls.....	1.25
Brownie Pamphlet.....	.15
Brownie Report.....	.75
Blue Book of Rules.....	.25
Camping Out (By L. H. Weir).....	2.00
Campward Ho!.....	.75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover	
Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year.....	.25
Community Service Booklet—	
Each.....	.10
Per dozen.....	1.00
First Aid Book—	
New Edition.....	1.05
Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts (By Chas. F. Smith).....	2.00
Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50
Girl Scout Game Book.....	.35
Girl Scout Handyfacts.....	2.35
Health Record Books, each.....	.10
Per dozen.....	1.00
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover.....	1.10
Flexible Cloth Cover.....	.80
English Girl Guide.....	.75

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.  
\*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

## Standard Price List Continued

Literature (Continued)		Price	Series of Law Cards		Price	First Aid Kit with Pouch.....		Price
Home Service Booklet, each.....	\$0.10		Per hundred .....	\$4.50		Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra.....		\$0.80
Per dozen .....	1.00		"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"			First Aid Kit, No. 1.....		.50
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop			"A Girl Scout's Honor is to			Flashlights, Small size.....		2.90
Pamphlet, each.....	.05		be Trusted"			Large size .....		1.50
Per hundred .....	4.50		"A Girl Scout is Kind to			Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:		1.70
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.55		Animals"			Linen .....		.35
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15		"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"			Box of three.....		1.00
Nature Program—			Any of above, each.....	.03		Cotton .....		.20
A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders			Per hundred .....	2.50		Box of six.....		1.00
in their Nature Work .....	.20		Posters—			Haversacks, No. 1.....		3.00
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides			New Building Poster 9¼x11¼	.10		No. 2.....		2.00
Tenderfoot .....	.03		Per dozen .....	1.00		Shoulder Protection Straps, per		
First Class and Rambler.....	.05		Girl Scout Creed (By Henry			pair .....		.25
Second Class and Observer.....	.10		Van Dyke) .....	.15		I Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36-		
Per set of 3.....	.15		Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16	.15		in. wide .....		.40
Nature Projects—			Per hundred .....	10.00		Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide		.60
Set of three (Bird, Tree and			Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11	.10		Material for Brownie Uniform,		
Flower Finder) with note-			Per hundred .....	8.00		33-in. wide .....		.25
book cover .....	1.50		Scout Laws			Knives, No. 1.....		1.60
Projects, each .....	.40		Size 14 x 19.....	.30		No. 2 .....		1.05
Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower			Size 9 x 11.....	.10		Sheath Knife .....		1.60
instruction sheet, each.....	.10		Producing Amateur Entertain-			Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces.....		3.00
Star Project .....	.20		ments (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00		Mirror—Unbreakable .....		.25
Ye André Logge .....	.75		Scout Mastership .....	1.50		† Patterns—		
Pageant—			Short Stories for Girl Scouts.....	2.00		Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42		.15
Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence			Tree Marker (not engraved).....	8.00		Norfolk Suit, 34-44.....		.25
Howard), each .....	.50		Troop Management Course.....	.75		Brownie, 8-10 .....		.30
Patrol Register, each .....	.15		Troop Register (Field Notebook			Pocket Signal Charts, each.....		.15
Patrol System for Girl Guides...	.25		Size) .....	1.55		In lots of ten or more, each.....		.10
Plays—			Additional Sheets			Poncho (45x72) .....		3.50
Why They Gave a Show and			Cash Record			Poncho (60x82) .....		4.75
How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey)			(15 sheets) .....	25c. package		Rings, Silver, 3 to 9.....		1.00
Each .....	.15		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c. ea.		10K Gold, 3 to 9.....		3.00
How St. John Came to Bencer's			Treasurer's Monthly Record			Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in. ....		.15
School .....			(30 sheets) .....	25c. package		Lots of 5 or more, each.....		.10
A Pot of Red Geraniums			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.		Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....		.50
Why the Rubbish?			Treasurer's or Scribe's Record			Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per		
Everybody's Affair .....			(15 sheets) .....	25c. package		yard .....		4.75
When the Four Winds Met			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c. ea.		Sewing Kit, Tin Case.....		.25
(By Olea Schrottky)			Individual Record			Aluminum Case .....		.50
Magic Gold Pieces .....			(30 sheets) .....	25c. package		Girl Scout Stationery.....		.55
(By Margaret Mochrie)			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.		Girl Scout Stickers—each.....		.01
Above six, each.....	.15		Troop Advancement Record			Per dozen .....		.10
Lots of ten or more, each.....	.10		3c. a sheet			Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11.....		.55
Post Cards—			Troop Reports			Sun Watch .....		1.00
Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10		(30 sheets) .....	25c. package		Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em-		
1 dozen sets .....	1.00		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.		bossed in gold).....		.02
Set of four (Colored) (Fall,			Miscellaneous			3 for .....		.05
Winter, Spring, Summer			Axe, with Sheath .....	\$1.85		12 for .....		.15
Sets cannot be broken).....	.15		Belt Hooks, extra .....	.05		100 for .....		1.00
1 dozen sets.....	1.50		Blankets—3¼-pound camel's hair	5.50		Thread, Khaki spool.....		.15
Building .....	2 for .05		O.D.—33¼-pound all wool, size			Per dozen spools.....		1.20
Washington Little House (Ex-			66 x 80 .....	4.75		† Uniform Make-up Sets—		
terior) .....	.02		Bugle .....	5.00		Long Coat Uniform.....		.70
Washington Little House			Braid—¼-inch wide yard.....	.10		1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give	
(Doorway) .....	.02		†Buttons—Per set .....	.25		1 Pair Lapels		pattern
Girl Scout Laws (By E. B.			10s—6 L to set—dozen sets.....	2.75		1 Spool of Thread		size
Price) .....	.05		Camp Toilet Kit.....	2.35		1 Set of Buttons	} Give	
Per hundred.....	4.50		Canteen, Aluminum .....	2.75		Two-piece Uniform.....		.85
Girl Scout's Promise.....	.05		Compass, Plain .....	1.00		1 Short Coat Pattern		
Per hundred .....	4.50		Radiolite Dial .....	1.50		1 Skirt Pattern	} Give	
Running Girl .....	1.00		Cuts			1 Pair Lapels		pattern
Trefoil .....	.75		Running Girl .....	1.00		1 Spool of Thread		size
						1 Set of Buttons		
						No Make-up sets for middies		
						and bloomers .....		
						Whistles .....		.20
						Wrist Watch, Radiolite.....		4.00

## Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization

Mail all Orders to

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

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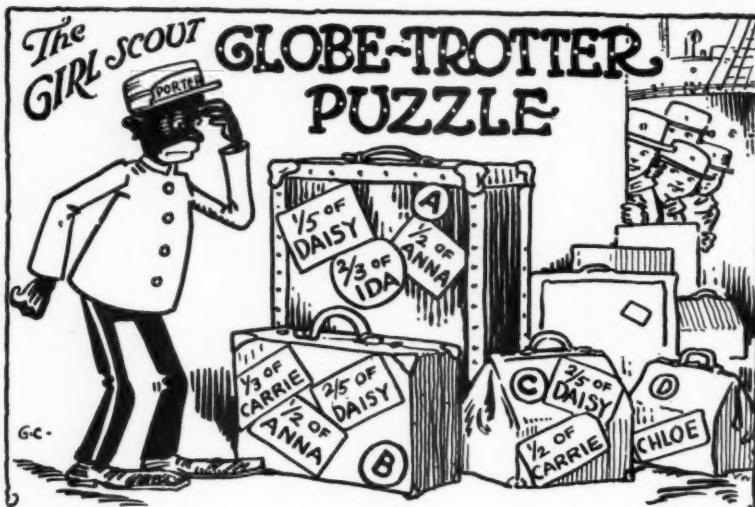
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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### The Globe-Trotter Puzzle

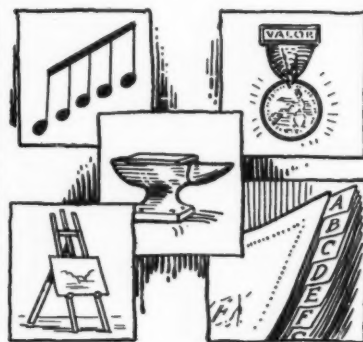
As Girl Scouts are to be met the world over, the puzzle this time takes on an international character.

It seems that some Girl Scouts were to go on a tour and the names of the countries which they were to visit were put on their trunks and baggage in puzzle form. In sorting out the various pieces, this gave Sam, the porter, quite a problem, for he had to take a part of each girl's name as indicated on the labels to make up the name of the country.

On the little bag D it is necessary to substitute a new letter for one of the vowels and transpose two of the letters to make the proper name.

### Curtailed Word

From a word meaning a diversion take one letter and leave a harbor. Take another and leave a cooking utensil. Take away still another and leave a river in Italy.



### Pictorial Acrostic

The names of the objects here pictured can be described in words of five letters. Place the correctly guessed words one below the other in proper order so that the first letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a State.

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, make DOOR into WALL in eight moves.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions, build up a five-letter word square.

- To reduce to powder.
- Moving body of water.
- Tusk of elephant.
- Sense fibre.
- Drying medium.



### Puzzling Arithmetic

Here is a unique little problem, yet "very easy when you know how." By adding three straight lines to this row of numbers, can you make it into a sum that will correctly total 100?

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

WINTER SPORTS: The girl on skis has two different gloves. Ski-pole is not straight. Skis are of different length. One foot is not fastened on ski. Three buckles on one shoe, two on other. Tracks in front of skis instead of behind. Rope not fastened to sled and no runner on further side. Girl skater's coat buttoned "boy's" way. Skate on backwards. Snow shoveler's reflection is wrong. Icicles on sign upside down. Smoke going two ways.

CONCEALED GRAIN: 1. Wheat 2. Corn 3. Rye 4. Barley 5. Oats

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC: Vest, Eyes, Rake, Moon, Owls, Note, Tent, VERMONT.

WORD JUMPING: Corn, core, care, cape, caps, oats.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

S O L A R  
O L I V E  
L I N E N  
A V E R T  
R E N T S

A NECKTIE PUZZLE: Ingot, in got.

CURTAILED WORD: Train, twin, win, in.

Give your chum "The American Girl" for her birthday



# What Linda Madison Did Then

By MARGARET NELSON



"That's the trouble," said Linda sadly



IT was along in March last year, a Saturday morning to be exact, and Linda Madison suddenly decided that another day simply could not go by without cleaning house. You know how you do. You get the idea that you simply must clean house. Whether it's drawers or your desk or your closet, it's cleaning house. It's something that must be done, forthwith. At it you go.

Out comes everything, piled on the bed maybe, or the couch, or a chair. When everything is out and new papers are in the bottom of the drawers or the closet swept, then everything must go back! Which is exactly what Linda did, just about a year ago (not that she hasn't done it since!). It was Linda's closet, that time. Out came everything. Then—dresses hung in a most orderly manner, coat brushed and put back on its own hanger on its own hook. Neatness everywhere.

"My, but I've got a nice smoothed-down feeling," Linda commented, surveying the closet.

Then she looked up at the shelf. "My camp things!" And down they came.

Camp! Linda sat on the floor to think about it. Was she going back next summer? Well, I guess! But, oh, *what* bloomers. And *what* a middy. Perfect sights.

"I guess that last gypsy trip was their finish," thought Linda ruefully.

Then she noticed her sweater. "Oh, gloom," said Linda Madison, out loud. "Look at that, will you?"

She'd have to have a whole new camp outfit, bloomers, middy, sweater, not to mention sneaks and all the rest. But what was it she heard dad saying to mother the other

night? "It's no picnic to keep five people going with clothes and food, these days." Yes, that was what he had said. She couldn't help remembering it now.

"Linda, oh, Linda, where are you?"

Molly Clarke!

"Up here in my room, come on up," called Linda.

Molly came bouncing in. Some way, you always use that word "bouncing" to describe how Molly comes in.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" she cried, looking at the pile of camp clothes on the floor.

"Housecleaning," explained Linda. "I'm nearly through."

Molly stooped and picked up the bloomers. "You've certainly had some trips in these, child," she said.

"That's the trouble," said Linda, sadly. "I've had so much fun in them, they're all worn out. And if I go to camp I'll need new bloomers and new middies and a new sweater, not to mention other things I'll probably think about later. And just when you came, I was thinking about dad's working so hard for us all and—"

"I know," said Molly softly, "I think of that, too. But don't be downhearted, child. Be thankful you thought of it in March, while there's still lots of time."

"What do you mean lots of time?" asked Linda.

Molly drew herself up to her full height. "My child," she said, with great dignity, "how many times must I call your attention to the peerless Premium Plan of THE AMERICAN GIRL? Time? Why, time to earn your bloomers and middies and what-not yourself. Time to get subscriptions for the magazine. All you have to do is to look at the Premium List for what you want, and see how many subscriptions you have to have, and then get 'em. The subscriptions I mean. Premiums, my child. Where did I get this Girl Scout ring, I ask you? And this watch?"

"But isn't it hard to get the subscriptions?" asked Linda.

Molly shook a plump finger at her friend. "Of course it's not what you call easy every time. And then again, it is. But don't you always have to work for anything that's really worth while? And what if you do have to remind your various friends that they want to subscribe, what if you do have to give them a sample copy to read, first, what if you do have to go to their mothers and tell them about the magazine, or find out when the girls' birthdays are and then gently hint to their cousins or their aunts that they give them THE AMERICAN GIRL as a birthday present, if you get what I mean. Aren't you a Girl Scout? Aren't you resourceful, my child? Well . . . ?"

"Wait a minute," said Linda, and vanished.

"Here it is," she said, returning in a minute and waving the latest issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

What happened then? Just what you can imagine. When Linda Madison went off to camp last summer, she really did have her new bloomers, two middies and a new sweater, all earned by herself.

So, because it's now March, the very month when Linda read the Premium List last year, we are putting it in the magazine for you, too. You will find it on page 62.

# Even in fastest action

*you're sure of  
your footing in*

## Keds

**S**PEED is the great essential to victory, at outdoor or indoor play. That's why famous women athletes everywhere insist on Keds.

No matter what the model, Keds soles are of the finest, springiest rubber. The uppers are of light, but closely-woven canvas. They fit snugly and protect the ankles against sprains. And there's a special Feltex innersole to keep the feet cool and comfortable.

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**United States Rubber Company**



*They are not Keds  
unless the name Keds  
is on the shoe*

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